JOHN BULL, JULY 12, 1924. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K. or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXVI. No. 945. SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1924. TWOPENCE.

Mason's 'O.K' the cold meat Sauce

THE LARGEST NET PAID SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

CLOSING WEEK! 'BULLETS' £1,500 FIRST PRIZE

The Prince and the Giant

by

A.G.GARDINER

Refreshing beyond belief!

REUDEL BATH SALTRATES

FOR SORE, TIRED, TENDER FEET when they BURN, SMART, SWELL, ITCH, BLISTER, PERSPIRE, or form CORNS or CALLOUSES.

YOU have only to dissolve a small handful of REUDEL BATH SALTRATES in a hot foot-bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

For immediate relief and a really lasting cure, one cooling, refreshing, healing and antiseptic foot-bath in *medicated* and *oxygenated* water is all you need. This solves for anyone the problem of how to get rid of the intense torture produced by sore, tender, tired, aching, burning, smarting, swollen and perspiring feet, weak arches, corns, callouses, blisters, or any other bad foot troubles.

The results of using Reudel Bath Saltrates are so remarkably satisfactory that many hundreds of prominent men and women have written us in grateful acknowledgment of the wonderful benefits derived. The following are only a few of the well-known people who have thus written us:—

Sir Harry Lauder, Geo. Robey, A. F. (Peggy) Bo'tinsen, Eugene Corri, Jimmy Wilde, Geo. Carpentier, Billy Wells, Ernest Barry, Abe Mitchell, J. B. Hobbs, "Andy" Ducat, Violet Loraine, Phyllis Monkman, Maidie Scott, Harry Pilcer, Yvonne Arnaud, Hetty King, Jock Mackay, Daisy Dormer, May Moore Duprez.

Millions of packets of Reudel Bath Saltrates have been sold, every one with the guarantee enclosed. No question, no delay, and no red tape. Yet the sale is increasing daily. This means something, as you will understand when you see for yourself the wonderful effect it produces

Reudel Bath Saltrates can be obtained from any Chemist, Prices 2/- a half-pound and 3/3 a pound. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed every user or MONEY BACK IN FULL IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT QUESTION. SALTRATES Limited, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.

GRAVES

SMART LOUNGE SUITS.

From 7/6 monthly

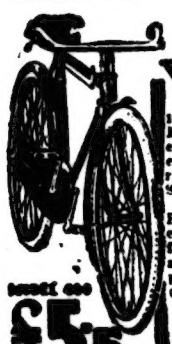
Our self-measurement Form enables you to furnish us with your correct measures, and we guarantee to supply stylish well-fitting garments.

WE DELIVER the Graves 50/- suit to approved orders for 7/6 with order. Balance in monthly payments, if satisfied. Money refunded in full if at all disappointed.

PATTERNS POST FREE. Send a post card for patterns cut from the actual cloth lengths from which the suits are made. Prices from 50/-

Finest Value in the World.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 400A Mead "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated, richly enamelled, lined in colours. Sent packed free carriage paid on

15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Fully warranted. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Big bargains in factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33-1/3% below shop prices. Write TO-DAY for testimonials and illus. art catalogue.

Direct one £5 5s. CASH

Mead

Cycle Company (Inc.), (Dept. B657), Birmingham.

HAIR-GROWING DISCOVERY

I was bald. My hair grew anew as shown in the portrait. Many persons—both men and women—who were completely bald have grown a full crop of beautiful hair by a compound used by American Indians. This contains genuine bear oil, juice of the rare pilocarpus plant, and other potent ingredients.

Marvellous and speedy growth of hair has been reported even when falling hair, dandruff and baldness have existed for years.

A testing box of Kotalko may be obtained by sending threepence in stamps to—

J. H. BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, Percy Street (53 E.M.), London, W.1.

Eczema.

PSORIASIS, BAD LEGS, and all skin diseases completely and permanently cured by

KUREM HOME TREATMENT

It nurses over 30 years. Entirely herbal, inexpensive, yet cures when doctors and hospitals fail. Send postcard for free book sent under plain wrapper, which tells you how to begin your own certain cure at home. J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, Bradford.

GRAVES

'THIRTY'

30 PIECES, 30 SHILLINGS

The World's finest Cutlery Value. Every piece warranted best quality

3/- NOW

Graves 'Thirty' Service Contains: 6 Stainless Steel Dessert Knives with Ivory-grained handles, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons, 2 Table Spoons, 1 Salt Spoon, 1 Mustard Spoon (all warranted to wear white throughout) and 1 pr genuine Sheffield Shear Steel Carvers with finest Ivorette handles. Price 30/-

WE DELIVER the Graves 'Thirty' service to approved orders for 3/- now, and 3/- monthly. Money back if at all disappointed.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of Sheffield Cutlery and Plate, Stainless Specialities, &c., Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

"JOHN BULL'S" FREE INSURANCE GIFT.

12,926 Benefits Paid

A wonderful record! The best proof of the practical benefits offered by "JOHN BULL" is, after all, the number of benefits paid. "JOHN BULL" can point proudly to the magnificent total of 12,926 Insurance Benefits paid to its readers to relieve distress caused by Fire, Storm, Floods, Sickness, Accidents, etc. "JOHN BULL'S" Great Free Insurance is the most practical, the most comprehensive and the most generous in the world. You never know when you, like thousands of others, will be glad to avail yourself of the Benefits offered. Relieve your mind of anxiety now. Register to-day on the forms below.

HOLIDAYS.
JOHN BULL'S *Free Insurance Benefits are extended to registered readers during their stay at hotels, boarding houses or apartments, both as to accident benefits and material damage, the latter limited to £10 to cover personal belongings. Registered readers will be required to show that they purchased* JOHN BULL *when away.*

FIRE! JOHN BULL covers you up to £400. Why pay Insurance Premiums?

STORM AND FLOODS! You can protect your home up to £500 by accepting JOHN BULL'S Gift.

What JOHN BULL Gives

FIRE.

£400 — against loss by fire to the reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£1,000 — in case of death of husband and wife directly due to injuries caused by an outbreak of fire at registered reader's home.

£500 — in case of death of one under similar circumstances.

£250 — or £125 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£2 PER WEEK maximum rent during reinstatement (not exceeding 26 weeks)

ACCIDENTS in HOME & GARDEN

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader —

£250 — loss of life.

£250 — loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one limb and one eye.

£125 — loss of one limb or one eye.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of limb or skull.

HOUSEHOLD BENEFITS.

£300 — loss caused by storm, tempest or flood to the registered reader's household furniture or personal effects.

£300 — loss caused by lightning, thunderbolt, or earthquake.

£100 — loss by explosion of gas or domestic boilers.

£100 — loss by bursting of hot-water pipes or heating apparatus.

£300 — loss caused by aeroplanes, airships or other aerial craft.

£300 — loss by damage by riots or civil commotion.

£1,000 — In case of death of husband and wife (permanently residing together) by violence caused by burglars or housebreakers entering for the purpose of robbery.

£500 — if one is killed under similar circumstances.

£500 — or £250 in respect of each for loss of one limb or eye under similar circumstances.

£10 — Medical Fees for injuries by violence caused by burglars housebreakers, or fire.

£6 PER WEEK for both or £3 per week for either up to 4 weeks, for disablement caused by burglars, housebreakers or fire.

SICKNESS BENEFITS.

The undermentioned benefits all apply to the husband or wife of the registered reader :—

£5 5s. —for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lock-jaw). These benefits are only applicable to readers between the ages of 16 and 65, who have been registered for twenty-one days prior to the illness manifesting itself.

SPORTS.

£250 — In case of death if the registered reader be killed accidentally while playing—

Football, Tennis,
Cricket, Hockey,
Golf, Lacrosse,

as an amateur on a recognised playing ground.

£3 PER WEEK up to 4 weeks for total disablement providing it involves fracture of a limb or skull.

BOATING AND BATHING.

£250 — If the reader be accidentally drowned while as a pastime boating on, or bathing in, the sea at any seaside resort, or in any river or public swimming bath providing that the reader be not a professional swimmer or boatman, and that in case of boating, the boat be not a passenger steamer.

SICKNESS JOHN BULL will pay £5 5s. towards expenses.

ACCIDENTS! JOHN BULL covers you up to £250 against Home Accidents.

CUT HERE

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please regster me as a regular reader.

Reader's Name in full ..... Age....
(CAPITAL LETTERS.)

Address.....

.....

Reader's Signature.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent on receipt of ½d. stamped addressed envelope.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 12/7/24.

CUT HERE

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 12/7/24.

SEND NO MONEY

JOHN BULL Pen Dept., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

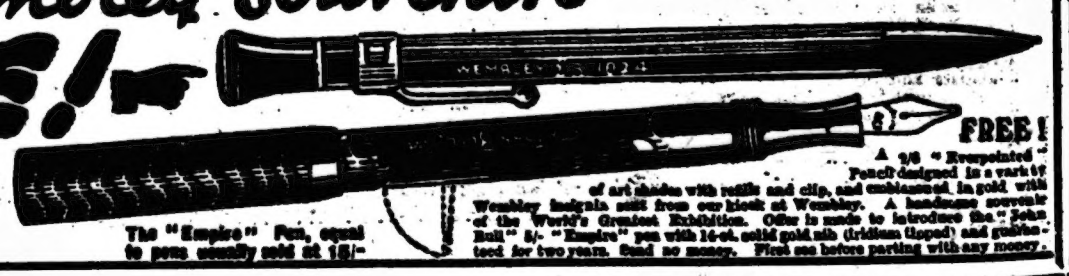
Send me the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" Pen and FREE 2/6 Wembley Souvenir Pencil. If I keep same I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (inc. postage and pen clip) or return in new condition within three days.

NAME .....

ADDRESS.....

If remittance is sent cross P.O. / cheque "& Co.," and make payable to "John Bull." State if fine, medium, or broad nib. J.B. 12.7.24.

2/6 Wembley Souvenirs FREE! to "John Bull" Readers



The "Empire" Pen, equal to pens usually sold at 15/-

FREE! A 2/6 "Rewpointed" Pencil designed in a variety of art shades with refills and clip, and embossed in gold with Wembley Insignia built from our block at Wembley. A handsome souvenir of the World's Greatest Exhibition. Offer is made to introduce the "John Bull" 5/- "Empire" pen with 14-ct. solid gold nib (iridium tipped) and guaranteed for two years. Send no money. First see before parting with any money.

SINGLETON'S

EYE OINTMENT

Established 300 years ago.

CURES AND PREVENTS

All Troubles of Eyes, Eyelids, Eyelashes, Inflammation, Ulcers, Styes and other Irritations.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL CHEMISTS AT 2/9.
WRITE US IF YOU CANNOT GET IT.

SPECIAL GIFT COUPON.

To STEPHEN GREEN, Ltd.,
210, Lambeth Road, London, S.E.1.

Please send free illustrated handbook "How to preserve the Eyesight."

Name .....

Address .....

.....(J.B.)

All the World Famed

BICYCLES

The pick of the Coventry makes on the easiest of all Easy Payments—Best Tyres, Three Speed Gears, Splendidly finished—from £4/10/0 Swift, Raven, Triumph, Court Royale Rambler, Premier. Write now for Free Lists and Expert Advice to:—GEORGE KIRK, Dept. 59, Great Cycle Dealer, COVENTRY

FROM 2/- WEEKLY

PHILLIPS RUBBERS

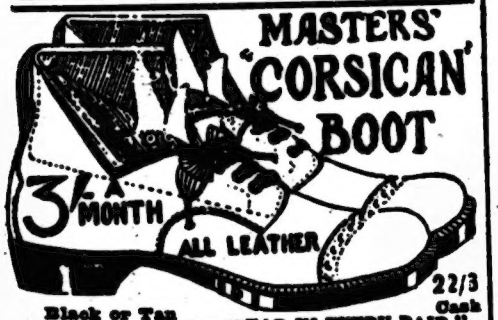
'Worn by Millions'

GREY HAIR 8d.

Tatcho-Tone Trial Phial

IS THE ONE SAFE REMEDY.

Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, Price 4/6. Trial Phial for test purposes, 8d., Post Free. TATCHO-TONE, 5, Gt. Queen St., London, W.C.2.



Black or Tan

"THERE'S DOUBLE WEAR IN EVERY PAIR."

To prove the genuine quality of these boots, just send a deposit of 3/- and have the boots to examine before paying anything further. The "Corsican" is our special brand, extra thick soles for hard wear, leather-lined and built to satisfy the most particular. Price 22/3 cash or 25/- on easy terms within the reach of all, 3/- deposit and 3/- monthly. Send 3/- for a pair to-day, promise 3/- monthly after delivery. Deposit refunded if not satisfied. Send 3/- and my size required.

Price List of Boots, Suits, Costumes, Watches, Post Free.

MASTERS, Ltd., 83, Hope Stores, RYE.

STOP THAT NEURALGIA

FREE ZOX is the proved remedy for Neuralgia & Headache. TWO ZOX POWDERS FREE to test it. Mention this Journal and enclose 1½d. stamped addressed envelope. Sold by Chemists and Stores in 1/6 and 3/- boxes or post free at these prices from THE ZOX CO., 11, Hatton Garden, E.C.1.

WITH ZOX

DIPHTHERIA
WHOOPING COUGH
TONSILITIS
SORE THROAT

AT very first complaint of pain in throat mix one tablespoonful of 'Yadil' with three of honey (bought from your chemist to ensure purity). Add the juice of one lemon. Mix well. Give one teaspoonful of this mixture every ten minutes for two hours, then every half hour for the rest of the day. Next day once every hour. All symptoms will disappear in less than a day. The trouble, whether whooping-cough, diphtheria, tonsilitis, or merely sore throat, will have been nipped in the bud.

CUTS, WOUNDS, BURNS, SCALDS, SORES, ETC.

BATHE cuts, wounds, sores with three teaspoonsful of 'Yadil' Antiseptic in half a pint of hot water, then bandage with clean linen smeared thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. One such dressing will rapidly heal ordinary wounds, etc., and prevent them becoming septic. To burns and scalds apply pure 'Yadil' immediately, then smear thickly with 'Yadil' Ointment. Pain ceases at once, no blisters will form, and all trace of the accident disappears in a few hours.

'YADIL' ANTISEPTIC

Prepared by Clement & Johnson, Ltd., Research Medical Chemists, 19, Sicilian Avenue, London, W.C.1.

Liquid	2 oz. 2/9	6 oz. 4/9	Pint 12/-	Quart 22/6
Pills	50 2/9	150 4/9	500 12/-	1,000 22/6
Ointment	1 oz. 1/9	4 oz. 5/-	Pastilles (for the Voice),	per tin 1/-
Lubricant (for the Skin)				2 oz. 1/3
Dental Cream				per tube 1/6

Of all Chemists and other Stores, or sent direct, post free, on receipt of remittance. For abroad, add 3s. for extra postage and packing. Excess money will be refunded.

The word 'Yadil' is registered. W.B.P.

Pronounce it YAH — DIL.

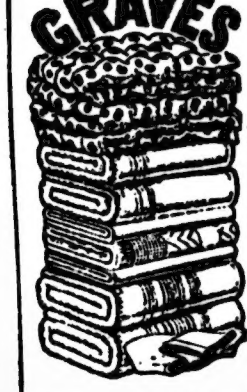
RAY SUPER CYCLES

Get a GOOD cycle—but don't pay fancy prices. It will pay you over and over again to see a RAY cycle before you buy your new machine. A card will bring you full particulars by return of post—send it now!

Let us send you the name of the nearest agent.

Prices from £6 : 15 *to* £15 : 15

W. H. RAVEN & Co., Ltd.,
Castle Boulevard, NOTTINGHAM.



BARGAIN BEDDING BALE

10/- NOW

World's Finest Value. 1 pr All-Wool Blankets; 1 pr White Fleecy Blankets; 1 pr Unbleached Twill Sheets; 2 White Pillow Cases; 1 White Bolster Case; 1 Alhambra Quilt; 1 Lovely Wadded Quilt. All double bed size. £4 : 10 : 0

Terms to approved orders:—10/- now, balance 10/- monthly.

Catalogue Post Free.

J. G. GRAVES Ld. SHEFFIELD

WHITELEYS

FAMOUS

Kildare CYCLES

Just 3d. a day

7/6 MONTHLY

Every Cycle Guaranteed

CARRIAGE PAID

Agents for James, Raleigh, Rudge, B.S.A., Humber, Swifts, etc. Price List "G" Post Free.

FROM £4 19s. 6d. CASH

WM. WHITELEY, LTD.
Queens Road, London, W.2

WHIPCORD SUITS TO MEASURE

Each garment cut to each customer's individual measurements by expert craftsmen.

67/6

WHIPCORDS are all the rage, and for this quality you will pay, elsewhere, 105/- In all art shades giving wonderful wear, these Whipcord suits always look smart. Old advertisers in JOHN BULL, we are making this most attractive offer to obtain new customers. We guarantee to fit you by post as well as any tailor in your town. Write at once for free pattern book and easy self-measurement form. Satisfaction assured or money refunded.

The World's Cheapest Trenchcoat.

Ladie's or Gent's. Fawn or Navy.

13/6 Post Free.

Satisfaction or money back.

Value absolutely unbeatable. Guaranteed exactly as described; Double breasted, rubber lined, tab cuff, loose belt and buckle, well cut, good appearance. Comfortable, easy fitting. Sold elsewhere 21/-. In Fawn and Navy. Sizes, Gent's 34 to 42 chest. Ladies' 44 to 50 ins. length. Limited number, send to-day. J. B. THOMPSON London's Cheapest Tailor, 103, Charing Cr ss oad, London, W.C.2.

The Mail Order Market

A Perfect Postal Section for Bargain Hunters.

MONTHLY PAYMENTS ACCEPTED.

GENT'S suits made to measure, in the latest styles of cloth, perfectly tailored, at ... **59/6**

Pay 10/- down and the rest in easy monthly instalments.

Also Ladies' Costumes on same easy terms.

Before placing your order elsewhere write for Patterns and simple Self-measurement Form.

J. B. THORNE & CO.,
38, Langham Street, London, W.1

CASEMENT

SEND NO MONEY—WRITE FOR PATTERN BOOK POST FREE

Send for largest range obtainable, Casement Cloths, Guaranteed Fadeless Cloths, etc. Orders under £1, send 6d. for carriage.

LACE 3d PER YD 3 3/4 CREAM ONLY INSERTED

LUDLOW'S
F. 7, The Looms, Bradford
CURTAINING

GOOD LUCK
Follows JU-JU, THE NIGERIAN MASCOT.

Don't merely hope for better luck—make it a certainty by wearing a fascinating Ju-Ju Charm. Everything you touch will turn out well. Hundreds of letters like these:—

"*My luck changed the same day we got it.*" E. M., Fulham.

"*Everything I have touched prospered.*" G. C., Glasgow.

"*Everything we do seems to prosper now.*" D. S., Totnes.

Never mind what sceptics say: wear a Ju-Ju and you will prosper and profit in every field.

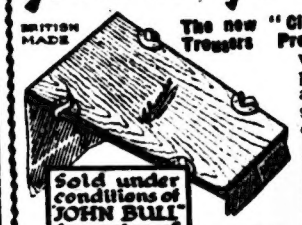
Money refunded if not approved.

Sterling Silver, 5s. | Post
9ct. Gold, £1 | free.

JU-JU SOCIETY (Dept. J.B.), Imperial Buildings, Westgate Road, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Also from Gamage's, London.

Yours now for 6/- post free

BRITISH MADE



The new Trousers "Climax" Patent Press does the work of a 2-gn. press and lasts as long. Full-size, solidly constructed. Polished Jacobean, Nickel Plated Oval Fittings. Packs flat for travelling, light weight. Holds two pairs of trousers. SEND TO-DAY.

(North Ireland same price.)

London Road Manufacturing Co.,
(Dept J.B.2), Staines, Middlesex.

COAT FROCK for 5/-

Balance by easy instalments of 5/- monthly.

Made of all wool French Gaberdine with full length centre panel and long magyar sleeves, richly trimmed coloured Luxor embroidery. A graceful model which gives a slender silhouette Made to measure in grey, fawn, tabac, nigger, navy and black for **35/-**

Write for patterns and booklet, "Chic and Serviceable Modes."

ALL GOODS SENT ON RECEIPT OF FIRST PAYMENT.

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. All garments made-to-measure

LEACH & HARDY
Dept. J B. 26, Brown St., Manchester.

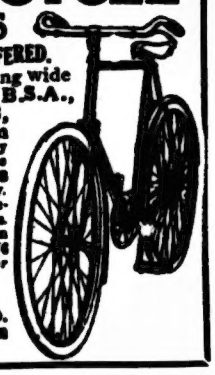
BIG BICYCLE BARGAINS

BEST VALUE EVER OFFERED.

Ask for 1924 List showing wide range of Models. B.S.A., ENFIELD, JAMES, HUMBER. From **65/-** CASH or easy payments from 6/6 monthly. Splendid Specifications.

Carriage Paid any station England or Wales. Crate 3/6

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned.



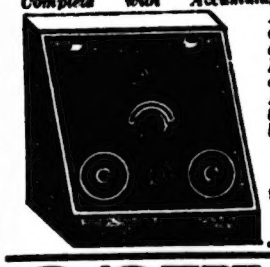
HEARN CYCLE CO., LTD.
(Dept. V.), 254, Gray's Inn Rd., London, W.C.1.

YOURS FOR 20/-

Send 20s. to-day, together with your order for the "Tonyphone," and this wonderful set, which receives all B.B.C. Stations, will be *delivered at once*, complete, including all accessories. You pay a further £1 *each* month afterwards. The total cost is only £1 5 0 0 or if you prefer, £14 5 0 cash.

"TONYPHONE" SUPER TWO VALVES

Complete with Accumulator, H.T. Battery Aerial, 1 pair 4,000 ohms Headphones, and two Valves—one High frequency and one Detector. All Royalties paid. Send to-day and enjoy broadcasting NOW.



BRITISH ENGINEERING PRODUCTS CO., 914, Windsor House, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.

"THE BOLTON"

DIRECT FROM FACTORY

Carriage Paid on approval
Ball-Bearing Tangent Cycle Wheels

The Bolton VICTORIA Car for sitting or lying down £3-17-6

£6:17:6

Beautifully Upholstered. Large and Roomy. Loose Cushions Finest Materials and Finish throughout. The Lightest and Easiest Running Carriage made.

Write for Free Catalogue No. 10.

S. BOLTON, 390 & 408, Kingsland Road, London, E. 8.

2/3 Weekly
RIDE AS YOU PAY

Direct from factory to You at clear 50/- saving. The famous ROYAL WINCHESTER, guaranteed for ever. Sent carriage paid. 14 days free trial. Money back if dissatisfied.

168 PAGE BOOK
ABSOLUTELY FREE.

A choice of 24 distinct models. Thousands of wonderful Accessory Bargains—Tyres 2/6, Carriers, 9d., Chains, 1/6, Cyclometers, 2/5

Don't delay—write TO-DAY

CASH **77/6** **Moorhouse,** 182 St. PADIHAM, LANCS.

BIG PRICES PAID For OLD FALSE TEETH

Bring the teeth to my address and cash will be paid to you over the counter or fill in coupon, and I will send you

FREE an Addressed Box for sending teeth,

To Mr. E. LEWIS (Desk 29)
24, Warwick St., off Regent St., London, W.1.

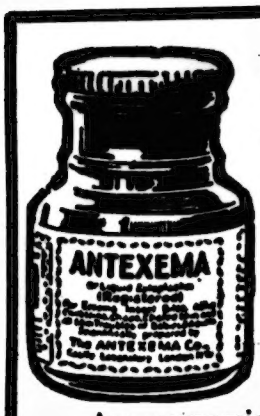
Sir,—Please send to me an addressed box for sending Old Artificial Teeth that I have for disposal, on the clear understanding that you will return the teeth to me, post paid, if I do not consider your cash offer satisfactory.

NAME.....

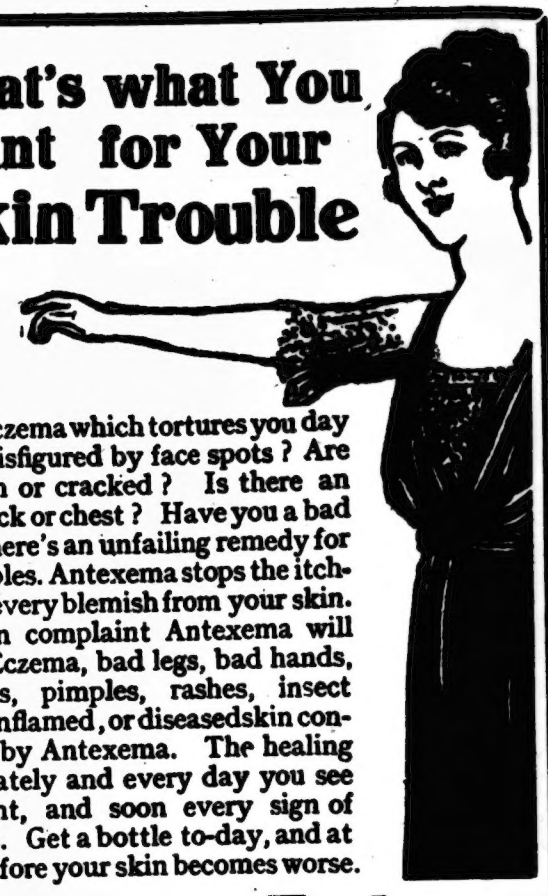
ADDRESS.....

Postage ½d. if sent in open envelope.

Also at 29, London St., Southport.



That's what You want for Your Skin Trouble



Are you worried by eczema which tortures you day and night? Are you disfigured by face spots? Are your hands red, rough or cracked? Is there an itching rash on your back or chest? Have you a bad place on your leg? There's an unfailing remedy for every one of these troubles. Antexema stops the itching, and soon removes every blemish from your skin.

Whatever your skin complaint Antexema will cure it completely. Eczema, bad legs, bad hands, babies' skin troubles, pimples, rashes, insect bites and all irritated, inflamed, or diseased skin conditions are conquered by Antexema. The healing process starts immediately and every day you see a steady improvement, and soon every sign of skin illness disappears. Get a bottle to-day, and at once start your cure before your skin becomes worse.

Get Antexema To-day

Antexema is supplied by all chemists and stores. Also of Boots', Harrods, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Parke's, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co. and Lewis and Burrows', at 3s. and 1s. 3d., the larger size being the more economical; or direct post free 3s. and 1s. 6d., from Antexema, Castle Laboratory, London, N.W. 1. Also throughout India, Australia, New Zealand, Canada, South Africa, and Europe.

Use Antexema Soap (pine tar) and keep your skin clear of all blemishes and protect yourself against infection. It is fragrant, refreshing and healthful. 8d. tablets.

THIS MASSIVE CAPPED LEVER WATCH is YOURS for 6D

THE WONDER WATCH, 10-JEWELLED COMPENSATED NON-MAGNETIC LEVER.

Every JOHN BULL reader should secure one of these handsome watches. Heavy Silver-finished case, with double engine-turned back and cap over movement, 10-jewelled non-magnetic compensated Lever movement (not affected by heat, cold, electricity, or self-magnetism, Dead accurate timekeeper. Bevelled crystal glass. Bold figures. Pen steel hands. Enamelled dial. Exactly as illustrated. Fully warranted 10 years.

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So sure are we that You Will be More Than Satisfied that we send this handsome Watch post paid upon receipt of 6d. only. After receipt you send 2s. 6d. more and the balance may then be paid by monthly instalments of 3s. each until 25s. is paid. Price cash with order or balance within 7 days 22s. 6d. only. Cash willingly returned if not absolutely satisfied and watch is returned within 7 days.

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Trained Salesmen earn it. So can you. Employers are begging for men who are masters of Scientific Salesmanship. You, in your present job, can learn the Science of Selling in spare time at home, under Britain's Foremost Exponent, Mr. Wallace Attwood. You risk nothing—a position awaits you at the end of the Course, a congenial life in the ranks of the world's most highly-paid profession. Don't dally with opportunity, send straight away for intensely interesting book, "The Profession of Salesmanship." No obligation. Write for it to-day.—The Wallace Attwood Correspondence College 26 T., Bedford Row, London, W.C.1.

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DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial or London and Suburban Newspapers, 7/10; 25 Country, 2/6. Covering Wales, 3/6. Many others. Prospectus free.—Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London.

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FREE
TO THE
DEAF

WE will present a pair of "Articades," free, to all applications received within fourteen days from date of this paper. Absolutely no charge and no obligation.

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Invisible Appliance for the Deaf. No batteries, fits right inside ear. Small, light, washable. Simply write your name and address and enclose this advertisement with six stamps to—D. & J. HILL, Ltd., 832, Danjhill House, 267, Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1.

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Prepaid Rate: 8s. per line averaging six words. Minimum Charge, 24s.

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FASCINATING EGYPT.—Write the I.C.A., 2,077, Sandoog Boats, Cairo, for Catalogue B. Letters, 1½d.

BEDSTEADS, etc., DIRECT FROM FACTORY TO HOME. Latest designs in Metal and Wood. Bedding, Wire Mattresses, Cots, etc., also Furniture. All goods sent Carriage Paid in perfectly new condition (nothing shop-soiled). Illustrated Lists post free. Cash or instalments. Why pay retail prices?—Established 35 years.—CHARLES RILEY, Desk 16, MOOR ST., BIRMINGHAM.

BILLIARD TABLES.—New and second-hand; all sizes and makes. Bargain list free.—JELKS, 283-275, Holloway Road, N.7.

LEATHER.—Our noted tannage at 1/8½ to 2/3 lb. Send for free cutting. Williams and Co., The Yard, Merthyr.

LACE.—30 yards Assrtd. & Handsome Lace Trimmed Camisole 1/6, pstg. 2½d.—Conduit, Morley Terrace, Church Drive, Nottingham.

UNBLEACHED TABLECLOTHING.—54 in. wide. Wear guaranteed, 1/6 yard. Post paid. —G. Cutler, 41, Duke St., Colne, Lancashire.

MUSICAL.

BOYD Pianos, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers, on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours, Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. 6), 19, Holborn, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Jazz Instruments, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins.—Catalogue Free. Douglas, 99, King's Chmbs., South St., London, E.C.2.

GRAMOPHONES 30/6, motors 10/-; accessories, Violins, accordions, cheapest. 32-page list 2d. How to make Gramos.—Regentbull, 129, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

JAZZ Outfits, Concertinas, Accordions, Mandolins, Banjos, Violins, Phonofiddles, Autoharps. Lists.—Vickers, Royal Hill, Greenwich, London.

WIRELESS.

WIRELESS. — Build your own Valve Set. Two-valve Set, with cabinet, all ready to assemble, £4 17s. 6d., 2/- weekly. Sets, 'Phones, Speakers, all easy payments.—WIRELESS DISTRIBUTING CO., LTD., WALMAR HOUSE, REGENT STREET, W.1.

Nerve Collapse

When worry, mental strain, or overwork causes the nerves to give way, life becomes a mere miserable existence.
Get rid of nervous trouble by taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

Mr. William White, 128, Cherrywood Road, Bordesley Green, Birmingham, writes: "I have derived wonderful benefit from the use of Dr. Cassell's Tablets. I first began to suffer with nervous trouble, weakness, etc., soon after arriving in Mesopotamia with the British Expeditionary Force during the late war. The treatment I received did me but little good; in fact, it was scarcely possible to effect a cure, as the climate was entirely against me. However, in 1918 I was persuaded by a comrade to try your great remedy—with wonderful success. I have continued the treatment at various intervals ever since, and I never fail to recommend Dr. Cassell's Tablets to my friends when the opportunity occurs."

TAKE TWO AT BEDTIME
and note how well you sleep, and how refreshed and fit you feel in the morning.

Take Dr. Cassell's Tablets for

Nervous Breakdown	Anæmia
Neuritis	Palpitation
Indigestion	Kidney Weakness
Sleeplessness	Children's Weakness
Neurasthenia	Wasting
Nerve Pains	
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Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

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Home Price, 1/3: Family Size, 3/-
Sold by Chemists and Stores throughout the Empire.

A TROUSERS PRESS FOR 6/- (post free) and nothing more to pay. Of British Manufacture, this press, "The Climax," is full-size, solidly constructed, with heavy nickel fittings, and equal to any 2-gn. press service. See descriptive advt. of The London Road Manfg. Co., on page 4, and then send for this wonderful bargain to-day.

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 40/-.—Chapman's, 17, Totteaham Court Road, London, W.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns, direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 1, James St., Stornoway.

LADIES' All-Wool Cardigans, Fine-ribbed, hard-wearing fabric; absolutely unbeatable value. Ideal for business, sports and holiday wear. Self shades, Grey, Beaver, Putty, White, Black. Send 10/6. State colour.—Lathams, Egbert St., Moston, Manchester.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

PILES and ALL SKIN DISEASES. Yroc, the new but not untried remedy. A God-send to sufferers. Cure certain. 1/3 tin proves it. Yroc (MC), 334, Green Lanes, London, N.4.

SEND for Valuable Book, "Everyday Ailments," containing over 100 pages, explaining how to cure with Herbal Remedies. Three penny stamps for post.—Hall's Hygiene Co., Ltd., J.B., Salford, Manchester.

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, &c.; TREATMENT ON APPROVAL.—To prove that you can be permanently cured without operation, drugs, bandages, failure or relapse, we will send our NEW SCIENTIFIC TREATMENT ON TRIAL, FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Instant relief guaranteed.—Call, write or 'phone for full particulars of our FREE APPROVAL OFFER and Booklet "B." LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL MFG. CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 26, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, London. Works: Passy, Paris, France.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Particulars free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy proved by testimonials and recommended by Editor, "Health and Efficiency."—Write, The Stanley Institute (J.O.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Ailing people.—Thyroid Glandets restore Youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Trial free.—Percivals, Ld., 67, St. Albans.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS—use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept. X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing complaint in children, invalids, and adults quickly cured by "PARKER'S REMEDY." Invaluable to ladies of middle age. 3/- bottle at Boots, or post free from Parker's Remedy Co., 19, James St., Liverpool. Write for particulars.

THE Greatest Discovery of the Age.—Every Expectant Mother ought to take Matrozone, which renders child-birth absolutely safe and easy, with quick recovery. Of extreme value in first and difficult cases. Matrozone greatly improves health of child. Sold by Boots, Taylors, and other chemists at 12/-, or direct from Matrozone Co., North Shields. Write for free Booklet.

WIND, Dizziness, Heart Racing, Weak Nerves, Blood pressure cured. Stamped envelope.—Mr., Mrs. Wilson (J.B.), Herbalists, Bradford, Yorks.

A FREE SAMPLE of Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges will be sent to any reader mentioning *John Bull*.—Address: Savory and Moore, Ltd., Chemists to the King, 143A, New Bond St., London, W.

WEALTH IS HEALTH.—Five Guineas' worth of advice for a postcard! Nature's Herbal Remedies bring strength and Beauty.—Weekday Postal Service, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

FITS Positively Cured.—Booklet describing genuine home-made remedy free from WHITBY & CO., WINSFORD, Cheshire.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR-PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them, 2d. Send for one.—Trianneli, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

DON'T waste hours and hours mending tears with stitches, use "Mend-a-Tear," which is wonderfully quicker and much neater. Send 1½d. stamp for free sample and get more time for enjoyment.—Leicester Rubber Co., Ltd., 23, Granby Mills, Leicester.

CYDER (Wet or Dry), well matured, 1/9 per gallon in casks. Free sample. S. Wright & Co., Walkern, Herts.

TRY CRESTONA Iced Chocolate Cake Mixture—now 9½d. packets. Make a delicious cake—easy to bake. Sold by your grocer.

BRAIN-WORKING made easy. Develop your brain and you can make more money. Particulars free.—S. Wilkes, Devon House, Tividale, Tipton.

WHEN a mother has to resort to foster feeding for her baby, with the choice of a suitable food comes the selection of an efficient Feeding Bottle. The invention of the new COW AND GATE FEEDER marks finality in Feeding Bottles.

Many and varied have been the attempts to devise a bottle which allows a sufficient but not excessive supply of food. Remembering how easy it has been previously for baby to get too much food or not enough, this has been a difficult task—but at last we've got it, and like most wonderful inventions the idea is simplicity itself. An octagonal glass stopper, secured by a movable rustless clip at the opposite end to the teat, has a small zigzag groove which, when turned, makes the flow of food quicker or slower to suit the sucking power of the infant.

Other features are:—Clear markings for tablespoons and ounces, a flat base, teat end out of contact with food when bottle is placed flat, entire absence of crevices, patent teat having tiny ribs inside—only needs to be tightly rolled between fingers to completely dislodge any secretion of food which may exist. No child can remove either teat or stopper; leakage is impossible. It forms the IDEAL BOTTLE FOR THE IDEAL FOOD.

Readers should ask their Chemist to show them the Cow and Gate PATENT GLASS STOPPERED FEEDER, which is obtainable at the price of 2/-.

ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. *If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if such is made within one month from the date of this issue.*

This guarantee does not apply to complaints arising from advertisements of medicines, land, buildings, company prospectuses, turf commission agents, or personal service of any kind.

Wood-Milne
RUBBER SOLES AND HEELS
Good for all wearers in all weathers.
British Made, British Quality.
Sold by all Bootmen.

SHREDDED WHEAT ADS. TELL YOU THE FACTS

Truth in Advertising

Claims that are open to proof

This design is symbolic of the ideals dominating the convention of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World to be held at the BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, WEMBLEY, JULY 14th to 19th.

THROUGHOUT the advertising of their food it has always been the policy of the Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., to set forth the facts in a plain and straightforward manner. The many special advantages which Shredded Wheat offers to both young and old have been clearly stated without elaboration, and the processes by which this food is prepared have been described from time to time with technical accuracy.

That these claims are absolutely genuine can be proved at any time. If you go to the Wembley Exhibition you will see in the Canadian Pavilion there a little machine making Shredded Wheat. You will see how the whole grains of wheat are converted into the filmy, light, and easily-digested shreds, without adulteration of any kind—a fact which has always been carefully emphasised in Shredded Wheat advertisements. Then if you go to your grocer and obtain a packet of this food, you will find on comparing it with other prepared cereals that, weight for weight and price for price, it really does give "the most food for the least money."

When completed, the new British Shredded Wheat Factory at Welwyn Garden City will be opened to public inspection. The public will be invited to examine all the processes employed; to watch the wheat being cleaned, steam-cooked, shredded, baked and packed under the most hygienic conditions it is possible to conceive.

8d. per pkt.

Shredded Wheat

100% FOOD

£50 IN CASH

The following prizes are offered for original recipes for serving Shredded Wheat:—
1st Prize, £10 5 Prizes of £2
2 Prizes of £5 20 Prizes of £1
£1 will also be paid for every other recipe used for publication.
Closing date, July 31st.
The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., 26, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C. 2.

TRISCUIT

A handy form of whole wheat wafer. Delicious with butter, cheese or marmalade. 7d. per packet. If unobtainable from your grocer write Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2

A RELIABLE FOOD RELIABLY ADVERTISED

You'll have a happier holiday with this FREE Camera.

Only 200 coupons are wanted. We *give* you five. Now's the time to start. Think of the happy holiday snaps you can take—think of the happy smokes of Black Cat cigarettes too! Start collecting at once, and fill in coupon for free Gift Book and five free coupons.

Only one of these signed coupons will be accepted with each application.

Black Cat

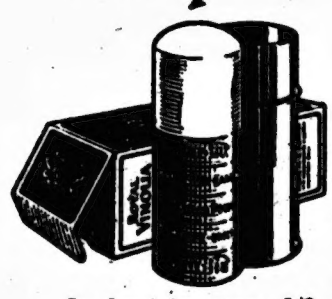
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

10 for 6D

FILL IN THIS COUPON TO-DAY.
To: THE BLACK CAT CIGARETTE CO., Dept. 8 *Gifts Dept.* 81, City Rd., London, E.C.1
Please send me Free Gift Booklet and Five Free Coupons.
Name.....
Address.....

During the war millions found specially prepared soap infinitely better than the ordinary toilet or household varieties for shaving. Thousands still imagine that an ordinary soap is good enough. It will do, but a Vinolia Shaving Stick provides more and better shaves, so always say Vinolia to secure the British soap that is second to none.

Note the new domed top. Smooth to the cheek from the first—no hard edges to wear down.



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SHAVING SOAP
Soothes the Skin—Makes the Razor Glide

In aluminium cases 1/3
Refills in cartons 1/-
Cream in tubes 1/6

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Vol. XXXVI. No. 945.
Week ending Saturday,
July 12, 1924. Twopence.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets

The WORLD, *the* FLESH *&* *the* DEVIL

For the People—the Right to Justice & Truth.

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Telephone: Gerrard 9866.

Telegrams: Heroically, London.

Watch the Welsh Wizard!

Anticipating an early appeal to the country, the Liberal Party is embarking on a huge campaign. Lloyd George still has an ace up his sleeve which he will play when the time comes.

The Mystery Man.

Sir John Simon has designs on the Party leadership, but he keeps his plans to himself. When he plays his hand there will be some interesting political disclosures.

A Coming Storm.

The I.L.P. is seeking to call a national conference to consider splitting off from the Labour Party. Nowhere is Mr. MacDonald's stock lower than in the ranks of his own section of the Party.

The Truth Confessed.

Mr. Snowden has let the cat out of the bag by his statement that the Government's "reforms" are merely trivial instalments of what it will do when it is in power. Just as we said! The Labour Party is not legislating, it is electioneering.

Remember This.

Under the lash of repeated defeats the revolt of the back benchers is increasing. The bonds of Party discipline have worn thin, and the election cannot well be delayed beyond the end of the year.

1922—and Now!

"Doles," said the Premier, "are the temporary expedient of short-sighted and irresponsible politicians." It would be a shame to spoil that by rubbing it in!

Pot and Kettle.

Lloyd George's castigation of the Premier's secret diplomacy is certainly merited, but there is not a pin to choose between them. If Mr. MacDonald had retorted "You're another!" he would have been justified.

Get On With It.

Why all this secrecy about the Dawes Report? The world knows its proposals. All we now want to know is how quickly the Allies propose to put them into operation.

We Were Right.

At the beginning of the year we steadily countered the alarmists who said the advent of a Labour Government would mean financial ruin. Now we find the *Banker's Magazine* stating that since January 365 representative stocks have risen in value by £169,000,000.

No Wonder We Stay!

The real facts about the Sudan squabble are being carefully suppressed. No one has mentioned that the Sudan is being exploited by a financial syndicate to whom we have lent £3,500,000!

Political Cueism.

The Government's unemployment policy appears to be the repetition of the phrase, "Every day in every way it is getting better and better." The figures show, unfortunately, that it is getting worse and worse.

It's Going Ahead.

Despite the opposition of the military experts the Channel Tunnel Scheme will go through. Even politicians realise that the military mind is usually twenty years out of date.

It Must Become Law.

The Bill to prohibit the use of lead paint is not yet safe; certain vested interests are bitterly opposed to it. It must not become a Party matter. Politicians who are men will insist on this danger to life being removed from industry.

Does Wheatley Know?

To-day there are 50,000 bricklayers in the country. Twenty years ago there were twice the number—and housing was normal. How this shortage is to be made good has not yet been disclosed.

Justice for Children.

As we predicted, the Legitimacy Bill has triumphed over the opposition of duchesses and academic members. The sooner it is on the Statute Book the better.

A Quick Way.

If old age pensions were pre-dated to sixty-five, some half million workers would be removed from industry, and our unemployed figures would be halved.

Is This Justice?

The average weekly cost of a poorhouse inmate is £1 15s. 6d. A criminal in prison costs £2 9s. 7d. a week. What a comment on our vaunted social system!

Quibbles.

Why does the Premier deny the appointment of a publicity officer? We know this appointment has been made. We suspect the answer is that the money is being found by the Labour Party.

Degrading Girlhood.

Who is responsible for the idea of getting girls to act as recruiting sergeants for the Territorials? It is as undignified as it is unnecessary.

Social Insanity.

This year £100,000,000 more is being spent on the fighting forces than on public health services. Truly, humanity evolves slowly!

"BULLETS"
£1,500! LAST WEEK
MONSTER FIRST (See page 31)

Hard Facts.

In 1913 Russia bought one-eighth of our total export of machinery. To-day, thousands of skilled engineers are walking the streets, and there are still people who oppose a Russian settlement!

Killing the Golden Goose.

In 1913 foreign customers paid 3d. per yard for Lancashire cotton goods. To-day they pay 8d. per yard. Is it any wonder that the Lancashire cotton trade is in the grip of unemployment?

The Revolutionary!

Coming from Mr. Baldwin, the suggestion of State purchase and marketing as a remedy for profiteering is an astonishing one. Nevertheless there is no doubt that it is very practical politics

Perhaps He's Wise!

The Government paid £60,000,000 of public money to the railway companies as compensation for control during the war, but the Solicitor-General refuses any information as to how the amount was arrived at. The public has a right to know.

Mespot. Again.

There is grave trouble brewing in Mesopotamia and an Arab revolt is imminent. We are playing with fire every moment we continue that useless occupation.

They Should Know!

The National Union of Manufacturers describe the new Conservative programme as "eyewash." To which, in the language of Parliament, we have nothing to add.

Disgraceful Apathy.

During the last forty years there has been little or no reduction in maternity mortality, although most of it is admittedly preventable. We await with interest the comments of the Minister of Health.

The Farce is Played.

The Italian murder has shaken Fascism to its core, and we predict the speedy end of Mussolini's dictatorship. When it comes, Signor Giolitti will once more be Premier.

The Week's Best Joke.

The Postal Authorities have under consideration a scheme for the cheaper—and slower—transit of unimportant letters. Can't they see the necessity for cheaper and *quicker* transit?

Business—as Usual.

Flour has increased in price again—the seventh increase since May. Naturally bread is to be dearer. Oh for a Government with courage to stop this barefaced robbery!

Amazing Impudence.

When the President of the Millers' Association openly asks for deliberate restriction of production it is time for action. We appeal to Mr. Webb to awaken to his responsibilities.

Second Thoughts.

That the Ministry of Transport has been forced to withdraw its proposal to drive a road through Hayes Common is good news. We have steadily protested against this increasing vandalism.

An Epic of Unselfishness.

As he lay dying, after being crushed between a steam engine and trailer at the Reigate sandpits, the one fear of William Edward Coomber, aged nineteen, was that his workmate might be unjustly blamed for his death. "Tell my mother," he said to the driver of the engine, "it was not your fault." Unselfish lad. His last earthly moments proved that his thoughts were for others rather than himself.

The Sweated Clergy.

The Bishop of Durham is a strong advocate of pensions for the clergy. Why does not the right reverend prelate turn his attention to the larger and more urgent question of a living wage for ministers of the Church? Our recent revelations have lifted the curtain upon the scandal of the sweated clergy. The bishops in their palaces have a direct responsibility towards their starving brethren.

Left in the Lurch.

Maddened by the war, an ex-soldier, Frederick Roskell, of Greengate Street, Barrow-in-Furness, was put away in Lancaster Asylum. The guardians took 7s. 6d. out of his pension of 11s. 6d. a week, leaving his wife and five children to "live" on 4s. a week. Worn out by the struggle, the wife has died. There are five mites without food or mother, with their father in a madhouse. What is to become of them?

Another Band Banned.

The sanctimonious Sunday is safe at Newhaven. When Mr. Wallace Sangster moved in the local Council that a band be engaged to play suitable music on Sunday afternoons the usual Sabbatarian objections were raised, and the proposal was vetoed by nine votes to two. Apparently, the only band that is not banned nowadays in these conscience-stricken communities is the Salvation Army band. Oh, let us be joyful!

Murder by Libel.

We hope that the author of a malicious libel that so worried Miss Miriam Da Costa, of King's Road, Chelsea, that she poisoned herself in Highgate Woods will be brought to justice. The woman was happy and in good health until the libel was circulated. Then she began to worry, and eventually the lack of sleep drove her crazy. Anonymous libellers are the subtlest of murderers. They must be stamped out!

Getting the Evidence.

A motor-car raffle organised by Epsom tradesmen fetched £540 to the empty coffers of the local cottage hospital—and the police on the track of the promoters. Sergeant Hensley was authorised to spend public money on a ticket and, the evidence having thus been bought, summonses were issued. The summonses have now been dismissed. We advise the Home Secretary to stop this piffling waste of public time and money on trying to make trouble.

Eyes of Death.

Tragedies are not only found on the battlefields; in the homes of the poor they are enacted every day. A house in the Woolwich High Street has just been the scene of one such. Henry McDermott hanged himself in despair on account of his defective eyesight. To his sorrowing mother he wrote: "I would have been a different boy to you had it not been for my eyes." The care of children with defective vision is one of the ideas of the present Minister of Education. And about time, too.

How Difficulties Disappear.

Mr. J. Roberts, of 16, Wennington Road, Grove Road, Victoria Park, London, E., is a disabled ex-soldier who contracted tuberculosis during his service. He told us of his difficulties with regard to his pension, and as a result of our representation of his case to the Ministry he will receive £2 a week for six months from September, 1923, followed by at least £1 a week up to February 1926. This is only one of dozens of cases in which we have been successful in making difficulties disappear. Whatever your trouble, you will find it worth while to write to JOHN BULL about it.

Competition!

A wireless set installed with a loud speaker enables customers in the saloon bar of a public house at Brentford (Middlesex) to listen to church hymns and a sermon each Sunday while they smoke their pipes and drink their beer. Then the conversation during the rest of the evening is centred on the sermon. Get ready for vigorous denunciations from the pulpit!

Barking Breezes.

More power to the elbow of the L.C.C. Health Committee which demands the end of the dumping by various borough councils of refuse on the marshes around Barking and Rainham. As a result, the filth is breeding disease-carrying flies, and is the nursery of a swarm of rats. And all because certain councils are too lazy to burn rubbish! Why dump muck near towns at all?

Cartloads of Tragedy.

At last attention is being paid to the risks of disaster that obtains by the passage through main streets of petrol tank-lorries. We have repeatedly pointed this out, but feared that a tragic explosion would be necessary before steps were taken. Major Cooper Key, the Chief Inspector of High Explosives, however, is agitating for reform. Here's to him!

Fleecing the Fishermen.

As a result of the extension of the Devonport docks some while ago the cottages of the fishermen were ruined, and the occupants forced to leave. The Sea Fisheries Committee have erected others to replace them, but are trying to force the fishermen to pay a higher rent. This won't do at all. The Committee must realise that the fishermen must not be penalised to suit the convenience of the Dock authorities.

The Human Machine.

CURING THE BLUES.

By E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

I HAVE no doubt that all my readers from time to time get the "blues." They come to everybody.

It is usually difficult to say what is wrong. We feel heavy and depressed, life looks black, and sometimes it seems as if it were hardly worth living.

The "blues" is a nasty, irritating complaint. But there is a cure for it as there is for most ailments.

In nine cases out of ten such depression is the result of too much thought on one subject, usually a problem or a difficulty that refuses to be solved.

Even the healthiest person is liable to this mental sickness, when the brain goes dizzily round and round a stubborn problem, getting no nearer to a way out.

And as mental states are quickly reflected in bodily feelings we usually end up by feeling tired and listless.

Doctors are fond of recommending a change for bodily ills. Try a complete mental change for mental ills.

When you get the "blues" don't go on thinking. Switch your mind to something else; and the more cheerful and different it is the better.

Go out and play a hard game of tennis, for instance. If you play properly you will be so absorbed in the game that you will have no time to mope.

Brains, like bodies, get tired. And for a tired brain there is nothing like fresh air, sunshine, cheerful companionship and absorption in something that, for once, does not matter.

You will return from such a change with invigorated mental powers. You will see fresh points of view, and you will be pleasantly surprised to find that you have left the "blues" behind you.

Violence in the Night.

We are glad to see that a brutal youth like James Arthur Reeves has been given 18 month's hard at the Old Bailey. Only 21, he went to a coffee stall, gave an order, and then attacked the stall owner and ran off with his night's takings of £2 16s. The Sign of the Steaming Urn is a welcome one to night workers, and Mine Host must be protected from rough customers like Reeves.

A Blot on Barnet.

Ernest Davis, charabanc driver of Holloway, is the sort of man who does not let such a trifle as being entrusted with the lives of a load of children prevent him from getting drunk. Luckily for Davis it was the Barnet Bench which dealt with his misdeed. Looking at him sternly, the Chairman, the Earl of Strafford, told him he was guilty of a very serious offence—and then fined him 40s., and the doctor's fee! Words fail us.

No Rest for the Weary.

Some East Enders, pining for a breath of air, bought plots on the Bright Farm Estate at Rainham and put up huts which they have been sleeping in at week-ends. Down came the authorities like a ton of bricks, with orders to pull the huts down. And all the hutowners want is to get away from mean streets for a few hours a week! We advise the local authorities to listen to the plea of the smallowners that they erred in ignorance, and to leave them alone.

The Sports.

It takes little to make a quarrel when two youths like Alexander Irvine and John Hempstead, miners, of Bo'ness, get together. After a game of cards a heated argument arose over the "pool," which amounted to 3½d., and the two got into grips until Irvine suddenly drew a knife and stabbed Hempstead on the face. Temper like this is a public danger and will not be stopped by the imposing of a £5 fine. Sterner measures are required.

Dogs in the Manger.

At the request of omnibus drivers and conductors who were unable to obtain much-needed refreshment at existing establishments near their terminus in Finchley High Road, London, N., two ex-Service brothers opened a coffee stall, where the busmen are now able to satisfy their wants at all hours. With almost incredible meanness, local caterers who had hitherto shown no inclination to supply the needs of the busmen started an agitation for the removal of the stall, and for months past have made the lives of these two lads a misery of uncertainty. What a dog in the manger spirit!

Lost on the Line.

The ways of railway companies are beyond understanding. A London reader consigned a case valued at 3s. to Northampton, paying 1s. 6d. for carriage in advance. When it transpired that the case had been lost in transit he claimed 4s. 6d. compensation from the L. M. & S. Railway. A representative of the railway company called and offered him 3s., which he refused, and the only answer he can obtain to written remonstrances is a repetition of this offer, the company declaring that he is not entitled to a refund of the amount paid for carriage on an article which they did not deliver according to contract. What nonsense!

You Never Know, You Know!

You may feel as strong as a lion to-day, yet find yourself as feeble as a lamb to-morrow. Mr. Ernest V. A. Leaf, of 15, Philip Avenue, Linlithgow, in thanking us for a cheque for Sickness Benefit under our Free Insurance Gift Scheme, writes, "Little did I think when perusing your list of benefits, that it would ever be my misfortune to fall a victim to any of the illnesses covered therein, but it proves that one never knows, and it is extremely gratifying to feel that one is covered against such risk through the simple expedient of becoming a registered reader of JOHN BULL." If you have not done it yet, do it now!

A Call for Reform.

The manner in which some Turkish baths are conducted is becoming a scandal. In several of them gross improprieties take place. Stricter supervision is needed in these places, and the L.C.C. should take the hint before the scandal develops into something that will call for more than this warning comment.

Expedite !

When a man was charged at Greenwich the other day with uttering counterfeit coin, the police stated that the case could not be completed as the Public Prosecutor's instructions had not been received. The magistrate, Mr. Waddy, objected strongly, and, stating that the case ought to be completed, opposed the police request not to grant bail. We endorse his protest. The Public Prosecutor should hasten instructions when they so seriously affect the man in the dock.

Woes of the Village.

Simply because a village is a village the precautions for safeguarding life are less than in town. With only primitive fire-fighting appliances it was impossible to prevent a fire, which started by a car back-firing, from engulfing the village of Coombe Bissett. The result was the destruction of garage, farm and cottages, thus rendering seventeen people homeless. The provision of adequate fire appliances should be the responsibility of the County authorities, and not rest on the local council. It is high time they stirred themselves.

The Wireless Wangle.

Every week we are receiving complaints of charges made by landlords in connection with wireless apparatus. We are sorry to find a great concern like the L. & N.E.R. descending to such petty meanness and trying to wangle a little extra profit out of their tenants by demanding an annual fee of 5s. for permission to erect a wireless aerial. The Company may be strictly within their rights in doing so, but we suggest that they are wealthy enough to forego this super-tax on a simple form of amusement on which the Postmaster-General already levies sufficient toll.

Dental Diddlers.

The disgraceful conduct of Scott & McKenzie, of Albion Terrace, Wisbech, the dental diddlers whose methods we recently exposed, has been brought to the notice of the Dental Board, and we hope to hear that strong official action has been taken in the matter. If Scott & McKenzie are registered, which we have reason to doubt, they should be struck off the register for advertising. If they are not registered, they are liable to heavy penalties for practising dentistry in contravention of the law. We hope the Dental Board will put a stop to their activities and others of their ilk.

Superannuated Silas.

Silas Jones is a superannuated Wesleyan minister who lives at Penmaen, Colwyn, N. Wales. He must be about eighty, but in spite of years of exposure in these columns he still advertises his anxiety to help to cure sufferers from chronic bronchitis and asthma free of charge, making it appear that he wishes to make a thank-offering for his own recovery from these distressing complaints. He is merely a tout for a quack of German extraction named Haynel, of Worthing, who presumably pays Silas to prostitute his reverend prefix in order to attract customers. Silas should be shunned, since apparently he can't be shamed.

"Lost Chords."

Full investigation has now been made into the complaints brought by a correspondent against the St. Giles Publishing Company, Limited, and these enquiries have confirmed the established reputation of this concern. Our correspondent must have been under a misapprehension, as this firm has not moved from 27, High Street, Charing Cross Road, London, at which address they have been established for several years.

Every Picture Tells a Story.

Some shop windows in Manchester and other Northern cities have for too long a period been hideous and unfit for decent people to scan because of their displays of indecently worded postcards. One offender has been dealt with, and the police should not hesitate about handling others.

Bodies and Soles.

There is nothing like leather—an opinion which is not held by some profiteering firms, probably because brown paper and cardboard substitutes for the genuine stuff enable them to fill their purses with unholy gains. No wonder the health of the nation is being undermined and undertakers working overtime in poor districts.

Vimy, the Victimiser.

There is one battener on misfortune the less now that Gordon Stanley Vimy, the Chancery Lane spider, is safely jailed for ten months. Vimy victimised the unemployed by taking their money on the pretence of finding them a job in a rent collecting agency, which had no existence outside his scheming brain. Unfortunately there are many of Vimy's kidney still at large.

A Puzzle for Punters.

Many readers are puzzled by a circular received from Arthur Lonsdale, of 65, Hamilton Road, Coventry, who describes himself as "Private Commissioner for one of the most powerful combinations of 'Owner-Backers' that has ever existed in the history of the Turf," and prints what purports to be a facsimile reproduction of numerous news cuttings recounting his marvellous achievement as a Turf adviser. The puzzle is to explain why so great a man should show such eagerness to obtain 5s. for a tip "for Tuesday next." We advise them to give it up.

Problems of Life.

THE WILL TO GOOD.

BY the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A "John Bull" reader sends me several comments upon the subject of my article "Not Beyond Remedy."

The general tenour of these is to the effect that it is futile to expect to regain what we have culpably lost, or to be able to put right what we have once put wrong.

Thus my correspondent quotes the oft-repeated saying of Omar Khayyam :

The moving finger writes, and having writ
Moves on, nor all your piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all your tears wash out a word of it.

This is just what an old scamp like Omar Khayyam would say; it is the sure outcome of his philosophy of life.

The self-indulgent cynic is bound to be a pessimist. He cannot believe in any ultimate good because he cannot believe in himself.

Live meanly, basely, grossly, and your outlook on the future, as upon human nature itself, will inevitably be of the same character.

Grovelling views of life and grovelling practice always go together.

But many people who have made bad mistakes and are sorry for them find it difficult to believe that the past can ever be made good.

My correspondent fails to distinguish between the man who wants to rise on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things, and the man who does not.

It is as true as that to-morrow's sun shall rise that there is always a way up for the former.

The very consequences of our errors can be transformed into pinions to bear us to sublime altitudes of the spirit.

Life does not end with our yesterdays, and knows no Nevermore.

Cutting Their Wings.

Our repeated exposures of the vicious ways of the moneylending fraternity are at last to bear fruit. A Bill is to be introduced in Parliament to prohibit moneylenders' circulars being forwarded through the post. So far, so good. But more is wanted: legislation must be introduced to limit interest chargeable on loans. Meanwhile, the moneylenders are the creators of the bitterest tragedies the lives of the people can experience.

Smokers' Sixpences.

A curious circular letter is being sent out to smokers by A. E. Davis, who gives as his address c/o Woodham, 681, Romford Road, London, E. He says, "I presume you would like to know how to cut your expenditure on tobacco and cigarettes by about 25 per cent. I shall be delighted to send you my formula and instructions immediately upon the receipt of a P.O. for sixpence." There is a catch in it somewhere.

Very Much Wanted.

William James Hudson, formerly a private in the Notts and Derby regiment, swindled a nurse at Leamington by selling her furniture, which was worth about £160, and pocketed the proceeds. Eventually he tendered her a cheque for £60, which was dishonoured, and a warrant was issued for his arrest. He still remains at large, though his apprehension should not be a matter of great difficulty, seeing that he has a life pension which he draws from time to time at various branch Post Offices in London.

Linger Longer Lino.

C. M. Bennett, of 49, Boyson Road, London, S.E., declares that his is "The Cheapest Linoleum House in England," and that by dealing with him a saving of 30 per cent. can be effected. As his terms are cash with order it is quite possible that he could cut prices to this extent, but several readers who sent him money months ago are still without their lino, and can get nothing but letters offering very thin excuses. This linger longer business has reached a point where the cheapest looks likely to prove the dearest in the end. We advise him to deliver the goods.

Better Left to Bloom Alone.

A fortnight ago we drew attention to the remarkable offer of a budding firm of "Investment Brokers" trading as Page & Turner at Bank Chambers, High Holborn, London, W.C., to pay £5 a month dividends on each £15 invested. Since then Page & Turner have made at least sufficient profit to purchase two rubber stamps, one of which changes the address on their note-paper to 17, Oxendon Street, Haymarket, London, S.W., while the other discloses the proprietors of the concern as H. Bloom. We again advise our readers that this mysterious 400 per cent. per annum profit proposition should be avoided.

Fees for Nothing.

Another firm of house agents who demand fees in advance from harassed homeseekers who answer their advertisements, without, so far as we can discover, offering any guarantee of ever finding them accommodation, are John Kelly & Co., of Blackheath, London, S.E., who insist upon payment of 5s. for "registration" from poor people looking for unfurnished rooms, with a further charge when suited. House agents' charges should be payable only after services have been rendered.

More Gush but No Gold.

A Birmingham reader who bought a £5 oil plot in Arkansas from British Allied Estates, Ltd., of 113, Kingsway, London, W.C., thought he had struck oil when a representative of the concern dashed up to his house in a taxi and gushed for a hour and twenty minutes about his good fortune. After a pause for breath, he produced, instead of the bag of gold that might have been expected, an offer of twenty-two adjoining plots which by some amazing chance had been overlooked. He left hurriedly when it was pointed out that if these plots were so valuable it was strange that British Allied Estates, Ltd., should sell them.

A Door that Never Opens

WHEN a man's down—kick him. This seems to be the doctrine of certain sections of officialdom according to the pathetic experiences of Frederick Thomas Johnson, of 60, Wiltshire Road, Brixton, who, with a record marred only by one little slip, finds the door of opportunity slammed in his face by Scotland Yard.

For twelve years Johnson was in an Admiralty department in which he worked his way up through the various sections with credit to himself, as his record shows. On December 1, 1919, he became a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, from which he resigned on January 29, 1923.

The manner of his resignation is interesting. As a result of a domestic squabble, he was charged at the Lambeth Police Court with assaulting his father-in-law, but the magistrate was content merely to bind him over.

Immediately he was requested by his superiors to resign from the police force; which he did. Since that date he has been prevented by Scotland Yard from obtaining a job, and for the past twelve months he, his wife and three children, have been practically starving. With no wages, and no "dole," he was forced to appeal to the Guardians for relief.

A mutual friend introduced him to the Cambrian Omnibus Company, who engaged him as a conductor. He immediately made application to Scotland Yard for a conductor's licence but was stunned to receive a reply from Chief Constable A. Bassom, the new Traffic Director, stating that "it has been decided that a licence cannot be granted."

Mr. F. J. Laverack, M.P., became interested in Johnson's genuinely hard case. He "cannot see what a purely domestic trouble has to do with refusing a licence." And so he wrote a strong letter to the Commissioner of the Police. But Scotland Yard refused to budge. Mr. Laverack states that he thinks "the treatment of the Commissioner is harsh," and pledged himself to do all possible to get the decision reversed.

He accordingly wrote a long and pressing letter to Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Home Secretary, but that gentleman is notoriously red-tape bound by the officialism of his department, and has now replied, "The case has been very carefully and sympathetically considered by the Commissioner of the Police. The Commissioner is unable to regard Johnson as fit to hold a licence, and I regret that I cannot dissent from that decision."

As Mr. Laverack points out, the Home Secretary seems to bang the door and lock it. Meanwhile the Johnson family are starving. Three children are being punished for the one very trivial slip of their father.

The job kindly offered by the Cambrian people, to whom Johnson explained all the facts, is the only door open to the poor fellow. It is his one door of opportunity for starting afresh. But it is locked.

The Robber from Essex

THOUSANDS of duped investors, whose cases are in the hands of the Official Receiver, wait patiently for him to give them information concerning their claims. We reveal a grave scandal which must be promptly ended.

WHEN is the Official Receiver going to give his report on the case of a notorious ramp called the Standard Housing Company, of 27, Temple Row, Birmingham?

It is now over two years since this company went into compulsory liquidation, and we seek for the Official Receiver's report because we believe it must disclose such a state of affairs as will justify a prosecution. The delay may be partly accounted for by the fact that Roland Morgan, of Wyvenhoe, Essex, who was the directing spirit of the financial fiasco, has been to jail for offences under the Bankruptcy Act. But the shareholders who hope to get something back out of the wreck will be glad to have this suspense brought to an end.

We do not believe they will get much of their money back. Roland Morgan is not the kind of financier who puts money in anybody's pocket but his own.

This man began his career as a bucket-shop keeper, and at various times has made use of different names for his own purposes. Three of them are Langdon, Speller and Morgan, and it was in the latter name that he became most conspicuous in regard to his impositions on the public.

From share-pushing he transferred his activities to company promoting, and one of the concerns he foisted on the public was the Standard Housing Company. He raised from the public nearly £100,000 and the money seems to have completely disappeared. To-day his dupes are faced with ruin and starvation.

Take one case. A gentleman named Crooks was living in the north of Ireland and saw an advertisement of one of Morgan's companies. He was imposed upon by glowing literature, and invested heavily. When Morgan finds a fish biting he spares no effort to land him in the net. He sent a special representative to Ireland to interview Mr. Crooks and to put before him a still better investment.

The still better investment was the Standard Housing Co., Ltd. To get him to part with further money the most extravagant promises were made. He was to be made a director, and he was also to be made a salaried manager. Like a fool he sold his house, his furniture, everything he had, and succeeded in raising over £5,000, all of which was handed over to the precious company.

It has gone. His salary lasted only for a few weeks, and in a very short time he realised that he was in the grip of a merciless financial blood-sucker. He wrote to the man on whose representations he had parted with the money, and he demanded it back.

One day he was arrested at his house in Birmingham, and charged with attempting to obtain money by menaces. He was kept in a cell for two nights, and finally taken to Colchester, where Morgan lived in a style that does not suggest an undischarged bankrupt. He was discharged.

The impudence of bringing such an accusation against him shows the toughness of this type of company promoting shark and his associates. Mrs. Crooks, stung almost to madness by the ruin brought into her life, also wrote demanding a return of at least some of the plunder. She has no home, no money, and her children were starving.

She, too, was arrested and charged with attempting to obtain money by menaces. These people have no hesitation in calling upon the law to protect them against an outrage of their dignity by their dupes. The court, however, at once saw the real motive of the transaction, and the charge against her was dismissed.

There are many other victims of this great ramp, and they have been waiting now for two years to learn if anything is going to be done to help them. Recently a committee of shareholders was suggested, and it recommended a levy of threepence a share to raise a fund to take what action was possible to find out what has become of the missing money. It was rather like locking the door after the horse had been stolen, for, as we have explained, the matter is now in the hands of the Official Receiver.

We ask this gentleman to make a special effort to hurry up his finding, and to give the Public Prosecutor an opportunity of considering the whole issue. Starving victims cannot be expected to wait indefinitely for the information they seek.

For some reason or another the Public Prosecutor seems to be shy of tackling the bogus company promotor with the vigour we would like to see him employ. But when men with such a record, and using various aliases, are taking money from the public, on the scale and to the extent that was done by Roland Morgan, it is a scandal that the law is apparently helpless.

In any case the first thing is to get this report from the Official Receiver, and when that is available we shall see whether Roland Morgan is to enjoy complete immunity, and to laugh at the sufferings and struggles of his ruined victims.

High Life on the High Seas

JUST as it is true that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, so it is true that a change of name does not necessarily mean a change of heart. Which fact may explain, even if it does not excuse, the evil reputation that the steamers *Electra Stavrondi* and *Asphesia Stavrondi* bear.

These two boats were German-owned during the war; and the whole world knows the morality of the German shipping fleet in those blood-red days. Since then, however, they have changed hands (and names) and become the property of a Greek named Emanuel A. Stavrondis. Under his flag men working these boats appear to have good ground for serious complaint.

In their less sane moments the British crew had imagined that they were men—human souls; but dogs have been known to be treated with more consideration for the humanities of life.

The crew of a tramp steamer have to work long and laboriously; they are either stoking or handling heavy cargo. And to strengthen their sinews the crew of *Electra Stavrondi* have been receiving cheese, bread and tea every morning—a diet calculated to make the muscles on their brawny arms stand out like German bands.

For dinner there is salted fish and potatoes; the same menu for supper and for dinner and supper the next day. The spice of life is introduced by varying fish and potatoes with meat and macaroni.

One of the crew who called at our office had been forced to sleep on bare boards for several nights, until at length he "managed to obtain possession" — significant phrase—of a filthy mattress.

This state of affairs caused the men to seethe with discontent, and so the Captain, G. E. Courenter, called in a squad of police when the boat put in at Sydney. Three of the "rebels" were handed over to the police.

If Captain Courenter imagined that the cells held any terrors for his men he was mistaken: they informed the police that they "would prefer going to jail for six months rather than continue their voyage."

Donald Campbell had been forced to sleep on bare boards with an extra suit of overalls for covering, while the food was so poor both in quality and quantity that it did not by any means approach the standard required by the Board of Trade regulations. Campbell is an old Cameronian and served two months in the trenches before he was sixteen; but states that he would take the old front line trenches in preference to staying on the ship.

The sister ship, *Asphesia Stavrondi*, is just as bad: all the crew on this boat left at Sydney and a new crew had to be enrolled. Is this how British marines are to be treated?

The Villain of the Piece

THEATRICAL life from the front of the stalls is a wondrous thing of limelight and smiling faces. But in this glimpse behind the scenes we show some of the sufferings of the dupes of a disreputable manager.

THERE are a number of people looking earnestly for a gentleman named Mr. Ronald Kaye who gleefully poses as a theatrical touring manager, and his methods may be judged by the story of how he treated the Company with which he opened last Easter at the County Theatre, Bedford, playing "Leah Kleschna."

Amongst the artistes he engaged were Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale Beckett, who were taken on at a joint salary of five pounds ten shillings a week. On the Saturday, when these artistes made their first call at the treasury, they were asked to take a cheque for three pounds, with the promise of the balance in cash.

They took the cheque to their landlady, who cashed it with the local butcher. In the middle of the next week it was discovered that the cheque had been returned—dishonoured. Several other cheques had come in similarly useless.

This alarmed the "Leah Kleschna" company, who saw no prospect of their salary on the next Saturday night. So Mr. Douglas Milton, a member of the cast, got in touch with the Actors' Association, and on instructions from them, played the first act on the Saturday night and refused to continue unless paid.

The artistes were paid by the management of the County Theatre, for the sake of its own reputation, and on the following Monday, Mr. Ronald Kaye retired into obscurity, leaving his company stranded.

Miss Kate Saville had been engaged as leading lady and according to Mr. Douglas Milton, had advanced fifty pounds to Kaye to enable him to pay forty pounds deposit necessary to rent the theatre. We certainly think that theatre managers ought to ask for, and get, satisfactory references as well as cash deposits. In this case, some of the artistes, at least, joined because Kaye had secured engagements at reputable theatres.

That is not the full tale of Mr. Ronald Kaye's conduct. From a member of his company Mr. Gerald P. Wolferstan, he borrowed thirteen pounds, giving him an IOU The IOU has never been redeemed.

The misfortunes of Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale Beckett continued. They were stranded. They had a son coming out of hospital in Eastbourne after an operation, to whom they had promised to pay one pound a week to keep him in his convalescence. They could not do it. In their desperation they took an offer from another manager to go to North Wales.

They borrowed their fares and went. They could not get their salaries, and were compelled to leave owing money. They got as far as Chester, again borrowing their fares, and from there went on to Whitehaven, compelled to borrow their travelling expenses as usual.

There they managed to get a week's salary, but the tour organised in North Wales broke down, and they could not get any salary in lieu of notice, and were accordingly stranded in Whitehaven.

The public sees these hard-working players in romantic settings. This story throws a light on the dreadful sufferings which are hidden in the background and carefully screened from the limelight.

Conduct like Kaye's causes desperate suffering to his victims, and one cannot help a feeling of sincere pity for people like Mr. and Mrs. Lauderdale Beckett stranded almost penniless in strange towns, hundreds of miles from their sick son.

They would never have gone on the tour in North Wales if they had not received a telegram telling them that their money was sure. There is no doubt a legal remedy for misleading representations of this kind, but a stranded actor, who cannot pay his landlady or raise his fare back to town, is unlikely to take legal action, and the sharks who prey upon him know this perfectly well.

This sort of conduct, also, damages the theatrical profession throughout the country. The angry butcher, with the dishonoured cheque, is still worrying the poor landlady for his money, and the poor landlady is still looking to the stranded players for hers. And Mr. Ronald Kaye still remains in safe obscurity.

Very likely he will play the same game again. We find he has done it before. He stranded a troupe called the Vauriens Concert Party, some time ago at Weekham market, Suffolk, and there were similar unpleasant incidents in the way of borrowing money from members of the company.

One unhappy girl had to pawn her engagement ring in order to raise the money to pay her fare home. Other ladies had to undergo the humiliation of collecting coppers from the public to enable them to get away.

The moral dangers to which young women in such circumstances are exposed need not be emphasised. People who strand artistes like Kaye has done are a disgrace to the profession and an absolute danger on the road.

Local theatre managers could do much by demanding safeguards for salaries as well as for rent. But what we want is a law that will make the bogus theatrical manager a criminal, and punish him accordingly.

Menace of the Blacks

A LARGE proportion of the coloured men in Britain to-day do little or no work. They are wasters of the worst type and live by battening on the poor, unfortunate white girls with whom they consort and for whom, in some strange way, they hold a curious fascination.

The story of a filthy Arab scoundrel named Ali Selah, who made love to a fourteen-year-old girl named Blacklock of South Shields, and then ill-treated her abominably, indicates the menace to which we refer. Selah went to jail for four months. The lightness of his sentence will not deter others of his kidney from their disgraceful and atrocious habits.

A few evenings ago several plain-clothes police officers visited a den frequented by coloured rascals in the West End of London. The den is one which caters for black men and their associates. It is called the "Black Men's Café," and is situated in Great White Lion Street.

On the evening in question the police found certain things going on there which were not to their liking and they ordered one coloured pest, a negro named John Moore, who was present with a number of other coloured men and several white girls, to leave. He refused.

On being further requested to go, Moore ran amok and behaved like a wild beast. He fought violently with the police, and, in the course of the struggle, kicked one officer in the abdomen and tried to bite his face.

The police had to use their truncheons to quieten him and he has now gone to jail for six months for assaulting Constable Sargent in the course of his duty.

This pest is well known in the black "colony." He is a most dangerous rascal. He had been convicted several times of assault, and of wounding with a razor and a knife.

He usually carries a razor, and people in the Seven Dials go about in fear of their lives.

There is a difficulty about deporting some of these troublesome scoundrels, because they are British subjects, having either been born here or in the West Indies. But if the law about living on women is effectively carried out by the police the danger can be kept under control.

"Cafés," like the one to which we have referred, and other meeting, places of the dissolute and degenerate blacks, should be carefully and persistently watched. Scores of unhappy girls have fallen to the lowest depths indeed when they become paramours and supporters of black lepers and apaches.

Little can be done for them. But the authorities must see that their number is not added to, particularly when among their victims are children of fourteen to fifteen years of age who are forced to bring money to the degenerates who brought about their ruin.

Stone-Age Justice

POVERTY, according to the philosophers, is not a crime. There are many magistrates sitting on the Bench to-day who do not agree with the philosophers in this matter. Amongst them we are compelled to place Mr. Overton Wass and Mrs. Grace Schofield, who adorn the Bench of Barton-on-Humber.

The other day they had before them a poor old man named John William Doughty, who is between sixty and seventy years of age. He belongs to Barton, and he has the misfortune to be poor.

He lives by chopping sticks and selling them as firewood. There is nothing against this old man except his poverty. So that we are sorry to say we must add the further crime of ill-health.

He had been for some time in Brigg Workhouse, but he left it and came back to Barton, which is his native place.

The poor are helped by the poor. Old Doughty had a niece in Barton who, though a struggling woman herself, gave the old man a room until he could find other accommodation for himself. He did not want to be always sitting about his niece's house. He kept away from it as much as possible. The poor are considerate to the poor.

The other evening, exhausted by his toil, he sat down to rest in a field outside Barton. It was a beautiful summer evening; and he fell asleep.

An old man asleep in a field is not, one would suppose, a very menacing danger to society. The police take no chances. They arrested this poor old fellow—and charged him with the crime of sleeping out. The magistrates whose names we have given heard the charge. They could have found out all about the niece had they desired. They sentenced the wretched man before them to a month in jail.

That is the stuff to give to those incorrigible rascals, the poor.

About the same time, in a different part of the country, Charles Harris, a dealer in wild animals, living at King's Cross Road, London, was charged with cruelty to a monkey. The unfortunate animal was thrust into a small box, and sent on an eighteen-hour railway journey. It must have suffered terrible agony, and it died shortly after arrival at Rhyl. He was punished by a fine.

The poor old man who slept in a field was sent to jail for a month. He must expiate his offence by pining for four weeks behind prison bars.

We ask the Home Secretary to quash this monstrous and inhuman sentence, and open the prison doors to this unhappy man—who has committed no real crime. Why should he be so cruelly treated—simply because he is poor, and old, and helpless? It is a wanton and brutal piece of cruelty, and we protest against it with all the force we can command.

Still Going Strong

ONE of the worst figures in our Gallery is that mean rascal, Anthony John Chalmers, who has on several occasions been criticised in these columns.

This impudent person issued a writ against us for libel. We applied to the Court and had the action dismissed. He issued a second writ in respect to a further article (for the purpose of intimidating us into saying no more about him), which we regarded so little that but for legal restrictions it would have been in the waste-paper basket.

Meantime our Special Commissioner has made further enquiries about him. Many of his agents are complaining that they had paid him money and cannot get proper satisfaction or the return of their deposits, and many customers are restless because they cannot get their goods from his agents.

Scarcely a week goes by without some poor dupe coming to us for information and advice about Chalmers. His victims are almost innumerable. In season and out of season he plunders the poor and the unwary.

He has duped the public of large sums of money. He has lied to do it—lying is one of his greatest assets—and, when his victims have grown troublesome, he has intimidated them by pretending that they, and not he, are at fault.

Lately his company has been carrying on operations from 61, St. George's Road, Pimlico. The police and the Public Prosecutor have for months received letters of complaint against his audacious ramps. In warning the public against him, in any of his names—Barrington, Chalmers, Bashame, Riley—we ask: Cannot something be done?

Sending a Baby to Jail

SHE had fallen into debt for a trifling sum while her husband served on the high seas. And this mother and her nine-months-old baby were thrown into jail. What hearts—and heads—some magistrates have!

THERE is a no more apt description of the facts than to speak of the "machinery of the law." And, like all mechanical processes, like all forms of machinery, the Law has no eyes with which to see, no heart with which to feel. Under its ever-revolving wheels the hearts and homes of men and children are dragged; when those juggernaut wheels catch man or child there is no hope of humane treatment.

Somewhere on the high seas is an A.B. seaman doing his duty to his country, but never dreaming that his wife and baby were being thrown into jail, and his other two children forced to wander the drab streets of Bristol's slums crying for that mother whom they had suddenly lost.

Mrs. Amelia Diamond is the tenant, in the absence of her husband, of a tumble-down house at 32, Philadelphia Street, Bristol. This street is as vile a slum as any condemned area of the East End, and the condition of No. 32 is far from complimentary to its owner. The paper is peeling from ceilings and walls; the floor boards have treacherous gaps; the walls are broken in sundry places, the front-door steps are dangerous to walk on.

Mrs. Diamond's husband is at sea; his cash wages are £9 per month and this sum he shares with his wife. So Mrs. Diamond manages—how, we cannot imagine—to exist, and provide food for her three children, on an income of 22s. 6d. per week.

This she tried to supplement by means of selling greengrocery in the little front room that did duty for a shop. But in that neighbourhood of poverty she soon found that most of her customers could only buy "on tick." The shop not being a paying proposition, she had to give up trading, settle the bills and eke out a subsistence on her husband's 22s. 6d.

It was not long before she got behind with the rates on this dilapidated property and was accordingly summoned for a rate debt of £6, which she had to pay or go to prison. She promised to pay when the next remittance from her husband arrived.

Two days before this was due she had to appear before the magistrates for failing to take out a licence for her husband's dog. She was fined 2s. 6d. which she paid, but as she was leaving the court she was detained. In a few moments she was on the way for Cardiff prison, to serve twenty-one days' imprisonment for the rate debt!

Apart from the principle involved as to whether a civil debtor ought, in these lean days, to be treated as a vile criminal, there are some other facts that aggravate the position. In the first place, the woman had with her her nine-months old baby, not yet weaned. This poor innocent little mite had to go to prison with its unfortunate mother.

Meanwhile, her other two children were left in an empty home, bitterly crying for the mother who had been snatched from them. One little mite, eight years of age, sat on the front door-step crying so long that a kindly neighbour enquired after its mother. Hearing that she had gone to the Court, the woman immediately went to the Police Station to find out how long she would be. Imagine her astonishment on being told that the mother and baby had been sent off to Cardiff prison for twenty-one days!

So far as we have been able to ascertain, the police took no steps to see what had become of the woman's home or her unprotected children. If it had not been for the kindliness of some neighbours who took charge of the "orphaned" kiddies they might have gone without food or shelter for days.

But what of the mother? She had been carried off to Cardiff at a moment's notice. She had not with her, naturally, any changes of clothing for her baby. Nor was the prison fare of the character to afford her sufficient nourishment to feed the babe. In a moment of reckless humanity the prison officials allowed her a pint of milk per day.

The days were gloomy as, in her prison garb, she went about her imposed duties; the nights were intolerable as the hungry child cried piteously in the dark cell.

Mr. J. Gibbs, the editor of *Safety First*—an all-alive local paper—at once interested Mr. Walter Ayles, M.P., Councillor E. H. Parker and the Lord Mayor, who made a collection from their own pockets to pay the rate debt. The Lord Mayor then got in touch with the police and arrangements were made for the woman's release. She was eventually released after she, with her babe, had served ten days' imprisonment.

But as Cardiff is forty miles from Bristol, she would have been stranded had not her benefactors provided her with her fare home.

Here is an outrage that might have been perpetrated in the days of Dickens (but even then a Debtors' prison was not the common jail), but which cannot be tolerated in these enlightened days, especially when the victims are a mother and three defenceless children. If the law is a cold callous machine there is no reason why it should be administered in a coldly callous manner.

If the law has no heart, surely the magistrates have.

Caged Like a Bird

THERE is no task that this journal more willingly undertakes than the effort to get justice done to children who are without influence and who have nobody to help them. Once they are caught up in the machinery of our industrial school system, it is very difficult to do much for them.

A small boy named George Finney is at present in Baldovan Industrial School, Dundee. He was sent there on a charge of theft when he was under ten years of age. He denies the theft, but he was not regular in his school attendance and so he was put into Baldovan.

His father was killed in the Great War. His mother is dead. The only relative he has is his stepmother, and this good woman has done her best to get the boy out. She was told by the Superintendent that if she applied at the end of September, and guaranteed employment for Finney, the Superintendent would see what can be done.

They cannot hold this boy for more than another year, because his sentence then expires, but surely when he has a good home to go to and a guarantee of employment he ought to be allowed to go to it. There is no sense in keeping him in a Home at the expense of the country when he might be earning his living outside, or, at least, learning a useful trade.

Once a boy is sentenced, the object of the officials in charge of these homes is to keep him in confinement.

On the other hand, public policy demands that the boy should be given the best chance to become a useful citizen.

It is senseless cruelty and social waste to keep a boy in an institution—where there is discretion to release him—if he has a home to go to and an occupation to follow. What is the use of having such a discretion if it is not used in a clear case like this?

Silver-tongued Ramps

EDMUND EATON is known in Stock Exchange circles as a shark. He is protected by the Company Law.

He is a charming man, smiling and gracious. His charm of manner is assumed for a purpose. And that purpose is to live as easily as possible on other people's money.

He is at present circularising the country in respect of one or another of the wretched companies he promotes. There is the Wareham Electric Supply Company and scores of others. He tells you that you will make pots and pots of money if you take a few of his shares. Don't!

One gentleman, to give only one case of many, received a very glowing circular recently in respect of this concern. Foolishly, without making the enquiries he should have made—JOHN BULL is only too willing to advise people on matters of this kind—he parted with £400. It is unfortunate to have to say so, but we fear he has lost it. We have never yet heard of anyone who has made any money out of the companies promoted by the calculating Eaton.

It is not very much use asking for advice after your money has gone. The unfortunate thing is that there are scores of people like this £400 investor who, impressed with Eaton's gracious manner and lying misrepresentations, have struggled in vain to get back some of the money they have been stupid enough to part with. Those of our readers who get his circulars should disregard them.

Other Eaton concerns are the Warwickshire and South Midland Electricity Supply Corporation, the Barford Electric Supply Co., and the Bridge Paper Mills.

It is a grave scandal that the Company Law is so inadequate and ineffective that rascals like Eaton, greedy, grasping and grandiose, can go on fooling the public with impunity, laughing all the way at the futility of the police, who would get them if they could.

GIVING YOURSELF CANCER

IN startling corroboration of our exposures of food poisoning comes Mr. Ellis Barker's book on Cancer and its cause. In this special article for "John Bull" the author repeats our warnings and says that, without knowing it, we are consuming deadly poisons, called preservatives, with practically every meal!

by J. ELLIS BARKER

CANCER is the most terrible scourge of humanity. It destroys about one-tenth of the people of this country. We may, therefore, conclude that approximately five million of the British people now living are doomed to die of this horrible disease.

Compared with cancer, consumption is a trifling and pleasant disease. The number of cancer deaths vastly exceeds that of consumption deaths. Moreover consumption is rapidly declining, while the number of cancer victims is rapidly increasing year by year. Last, but not least, consumption is comparatively a pleasant disease. Those attacked by it suffer relatively little and are usually cheerful to the end, while cancer frequently entails the most ghastly sufferings and torments.

HITHERTO cancer has been a mystery. Scientists have studied it since the time of the ancient Greeks and Romans without success. If the analysis of the disease given in my book is correct, it is a mystery no longer. If my analysis is correct, cancer may never be curable, but it is certainly preventable.

I have shown that cancer is a disease of civilisation. It has destroyed civilised people for more than two thousand years, but primitive races are apparently free from it. We must, therefore, endeavour to find the cause in those conditions of civilised life which are at fault, and which can be eliminated. We need not become savages once more in order to get rid of cancer.

BY an overwhelming mass of evidence I have endeavoured to show that cancer is due to chronic poisoning and vitamine starvation. The bulk of the food of the people is unfortunately "sophisticated" and "improved." In the so-called "improvement" of foodstuffs the most precious elements, the so-called vitamines, are usually destroyed. The miller devitaminises the flour by grinding off the skin and germ of the grain, and the impoverished flour is still further spoilt by bleaching it with chemicals and blowing up the bread with other chemicals.

Milk is devitaminised by heating, tinned meat is devitaminised by high temperature treatment, and vegetables are devitaminised by cooking them with soda or by cooking them too long.

THUS we are robbed of the vital elements of our food. Lack of vitamines leads to the degeneration of the digestive tract, and to the deterioration of stomach and bowels, to chronic constipation and to chronic auto-intoxication, to self-poisoning.

Civilised people suffer at the same time from vitamine starvation and from chronic poisoning. The two go hand-in-hand. In addition to the bowel poisons which millions of us absorb day by day and year after year, we absorb day by day and year by year chemical poisons in small quantities.

I have shown that the disease is due to chronic poisoning and to vitamine starvation which have been going on for a great number of years. If a man takes a very large dose of arsenic he dies rapidly. If the same man takes the same quantity of arsenic day by day in infinitely small doses, he will notice no ill-effect, but he may develop a typical form of cancer, the peculiar arsenic cancer, after fifteen, twenty or more years.

IF a man absorbs a large quantity of aniline, he will probably die in a few hours. If, employed in aniline works, he absorbs the most minute quantities of aniline day after day during ten, twenty or more years, he may not notice any ill effect, but he may fall a victim of the typical aniline cancer which usually attacks the bladder after twenty or more years' exposure to the deadly fumes.

We know that a number of very deadly poisons, such as arsenic and aniline, kill men rapidly if taken in large quantities, and produce cancer if absorbed in extremely minute doses during a great many years. We are, therefore, entitled to assume that a great many poisons may be cancer-producers if taken day by day in very small quantities unless their harmlessness should be absolutely proved by the most convincing experiments.

We are certainly entitled to suspect chemical poisons, which we absorb day by day as causers, of ill-health and of disease.

AMONG the chemical poisons with which we are doped day by day and year by year, chemical preservatives are foremost. Without knowing it we consume deadly poisons, called preservatives, with practically every meal. The food chemist is probably more dangerous and more deadly than the armament chemist who has given us high explosives and poison gas.

A large number of chemicals are used for preserving food. Among these boric acid and salicylic acid stand foremost, and we are told by chemists, food manufacturers, retailers and other interested parties that the absorption of these poisons need not frighten us, that in small doses they are quite harmless.

For decades doctors prescribed arsenicated medicines and ointments, the continued use of which for a medicinal purpose produced cancer. Boric acid and salicylic acid are deadly poisons if taken in large quantities.

The steady and continued absorption of these poisons in small quantities may very possibly be one of the causes of cancer. Whether this surmise is right or not should be ascertained without delay by suitable experiments, which as yet have not been made.

If we read the reports of our Medical Officers of Health, who have the duty to analyse foodstuffs, we find that the use of dangerous poisons for preserving purposes is universal. Poisonous chemicals are added to the meat, the sausages, meat-patties, fish, mince-meat, brawn, bacon and cooked ham we eat. They are added to our butter, jams, marmalade, jellies, lemon-cheese, margarine, and in particularly heavy quantities to liquid and dried eggs imported from abroad.

They are to be found in coffee extracts, chicory extracts, tinned and bottled vegetables and countless other foodstuffs.

Practically all the ingredients of cakes are both devitaminised and made poisonous by the addition of dangerous chemicals which, unfortunately, are tasteless, and, as the law stands, the vendor need not warn the ignorant purchaser by informing him of the percentage of the poison which has been added to the food.

INTERESTED manufacturers and others tell us, although they have no means of knowing, that the absorption of the poisonous preservatives added to their wares in the small doses employed is "quite harmless." That is an assertion which they cannot prove. Moreover, the so-called safe minimum doses are constantly being exceeded.

Butchers and fishmongers, sausage makers, brawn makers and others add an extra dose of poisonous chemicals if the weather is sultry. These chemicals are cheap and tasteless and they are added as if they were common salt. In many cases investigators have found ten and twenty times as much poisonous preservatives in food as is permitted. Unfortunately, penalties are quite insufficient in such cases.

THE ease with which poisonous preservatives can be obtained—and their cheapness—encourages their lavish use. Retailers and manufacturers, instead of carefully keeping food clean and cool, treat it anyhow, relying on poisonous preservatives. Tainted food is preserved and deodorised, and the poisonous micro-organisms continue their deadly work although we are no longer warned by taste and smell that the food which we are eating is in a state of putrefaction.

FROM the cradle to the grave the people are doped with dangerous poisons called preservatives. These may preserve foodstuffs, but they are ruinous to the national physique.

The tender bodies of small children are particularly susceptible to chemical poisons. The preservatives absorbed by infants in their milk, cream, etc., and by small children in their sponge cakes, cakes, and other foods have ruined the health of countless people for life.

Mr. J. Ellis Barker, author of "Cancer —How it is Caused, How it can be Prevented."

An infant or small child is ill, and the diarrhœa, vomiting, etc., are usually ascribed to the sultry weather or some other cause, for no doctor or analyst can easily discover whether some germ accidentally absorbed or some chemical poison is at fault.

Countless infants and small children die of convulsions, etc., and in many cases chemical preservatives are to blame, as I am able to show by numerous examples.

Chronic poisoning is more dangerous than acute poisoning. In many instances the absorption of poisonous preservatives by the young leads to the permanent deterioration of stomach and bowels and makes people invalids for life.

Cancer is most frequent in northern countries. It is more frequent in Scotland than in England. It is more frequent in England than in France. It is more frequent in North America than in South America. Northern countries suffer from a scarcity of green stuff and fruit and they rely largely on preserved foodstuffs.

IN southern countries fruit and vegetables are abundant all the year round, and chemical preservatives are little used. Herein lies probably the reason that all over the world cancer is far more frequent in cold countries, in countries which live largely on imported and preserved food, than in hot countries.

Chemical preservatives must be suspected as being cancer producers. The mass of evidence cannot be disregarded. The authorities ought to act without delay. It is time that the report of the Government Committee on Food Adulteration was published.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and Occasionally Nonentities)

To VISCOUNT HALDANE,
House of Lords.

MY LORD,—Sir Ernest Wild very properly drew attention the other day to the fact that when Justice errs in preferring charges against innocent people these latter are unable to obtain any compensation for the degradation to which they have been submitted. At the best, their only remedy is an expensive action in the High Court. This is not as it should be. Even-handed Justice demands that errors should be liquidated on both sides. Until the dispensing of justice is considerably cheapened the gibe of "One law for the rich" will continue to be made. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. J. WHEATLEY, M.P.,
Minister of Health.

SIR,—One of the chief defects of your housing policy is that it represents class legislation. The Housing Bill now before the House of Commons caters only for the needs of the working-classes; the vast middle-class population, whose wants are equally acute, is left entirely out in the cold. This is not justice, and it is not democracy. No fewer than three hundred local authorities have passed resolutions of protest on the matter, yet pay the penalty for this short-sighted neglect. You turn a deaf ear. JOHN BULL.

To LORD DANESFORT,
House of Lords.

MY LORD,—While I don't imagine your Bill, to start a new heresy hunt under cover of the Communist Sundays-chools, has the least chance of becoming law, I dislike it intensely. I do you the justice of believing you are sincere when you say your Bill creates no new offence, but an Act of Parliament is one thing and its administration is quite another. In any case what need is there for such a Bill? Ample powers already exist for taking action in the cases you have in mind. If you care to ask the Government why such action has not been taken long ago you will have my support. JOHN BULL.

To Lord LAMBOURNE,
5, Audley Square, W.1.

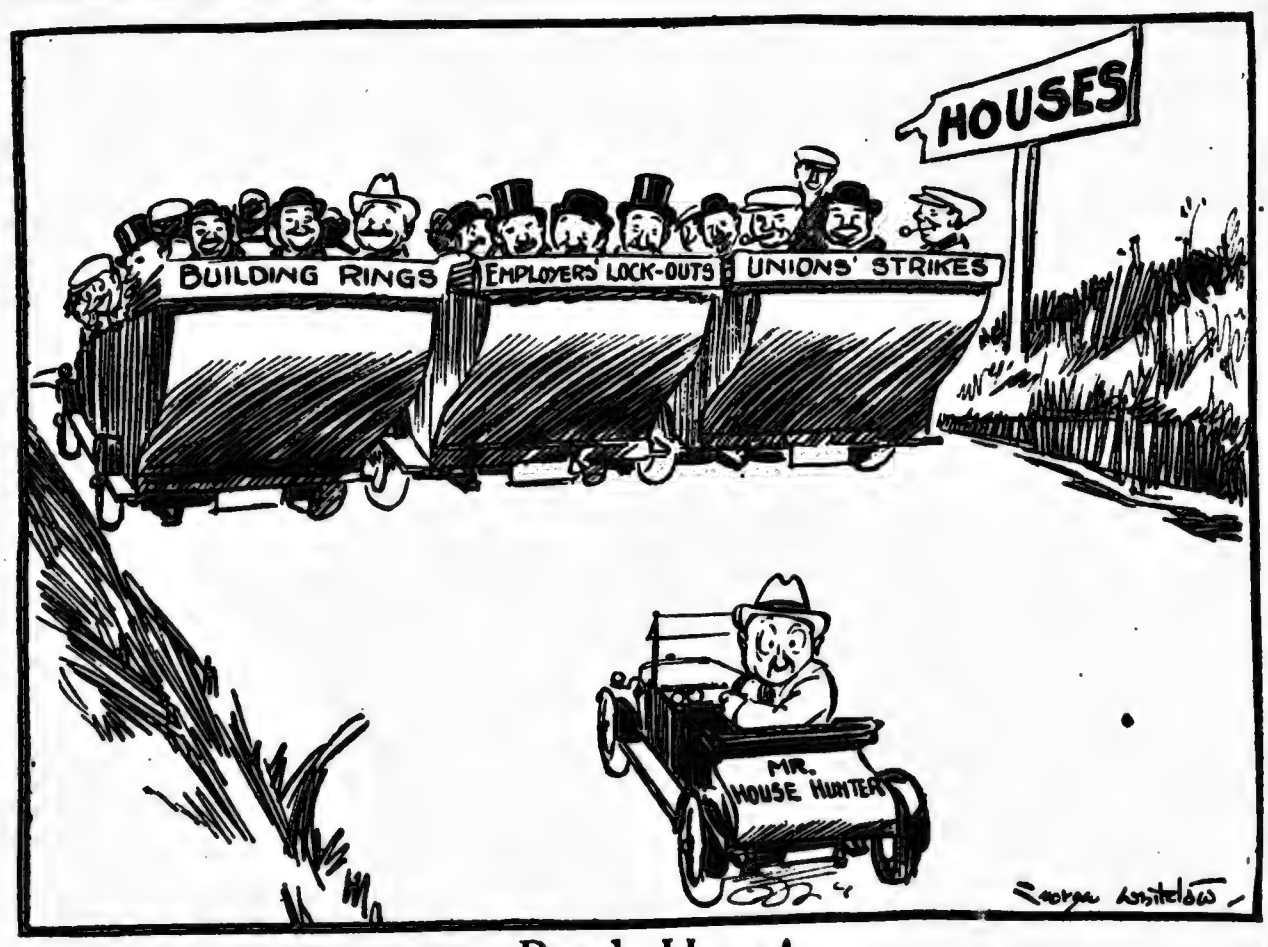
MY LORD,—It is good to see that you have no illusions as to what constitutes commercial honesty. You plead for clean business methods by this nation of shopkeepers and define such as being honesty "not only in the shop window but in the goods offered for sale." I agree; but would enlarge this to embrace every aspect of national life. In politics there is the dishonesty of unfulfilled pledges; in industry there is the dishonesty of an unfair day's pay for a fair day's work and of a fair day's pay for an unfair day's work. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. ARTHUR HENDERSON, M.P.,
Home Secretary.

SIR,—I have been disgusted to see in certain papers the suggestion that Wembley should be open on one or more days in the week only for those who are able to pay an increased entrance fee. I pass over the fact that those who wish to be free from contamination by the "common" people ought to be subject to examination by alienists, and content myself with saying that for sheer snobbery and reaction such a proposal is hard to beat. Your proper answer to such a suggestion would be to open the Exhibition on Sundays—the only day when thousands of the "common" people could see Wembley at all. Think it over. JOHN BULL.

To E. D. MOREL, M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—Your efforts to disclose the sinister influences turning Europe into an armed camp, deserve a better fate than the conspiracy of silence with which you are treated by the daily Press. Some day the facts will penetrate the intelligence of the people, and they will exact a bitter vengeance from those who allow them to live in a fool's Paradise. Then your public spirited efforts will be recognised. JOHN BULL.



Road Hogs!

To the Rt. Hon. Sir JOHN SIMON, K.C., M.P.,
House of Commons.

SIR,—I have not always seen eye to eye with you in matters of public policy, but I am wholeheartedly in sympathy with your protest against the mad rivalry in armaments which, six years after the war that was to end war, is bleeding Europe white. This question is one that should be lifted high above mere Party politics and viewed only from the standpoint of our common humanity. All that is best in the nation applauds your efforts in the cause of peace. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. SIDNEY WEBB, M.P.,
President, Board of Trade.

SIR,—The greed of middlemen must not be allowed to prevent the public from benefiting from the glut of strawberries and peas. Prices are not so low as they should be, and farthings count in the budgets of the poor. High prices mean restricted demand, and restricted demand in the case of perishable goods like fruit and vegetables means the waste of valuable foodstuffs. We have had more than enough of greed-provoked waste on the one hand, and want on the other. JOHN BULL.

To W. T. JACKSON, Esq.,
Lord Mayor of Manchester.

MY LORD,—If all is true that is alleged against the quality and purity of the milk obtained in Manchester then the sooner the Corporation acts the better. On milk depends the health and welfare of the mothers and children of the city, and as the Corporation's primary duty is to safeguard the health of the community they would be well advised to introduce a municipal scheme of milk distribution. When life is at stake methods don't count. JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD,
Rector of St. Martin-in-the-Fields.

SIR,—It needs courage for a parson to attack the Prayer Book, and I admire the straightforward candour with which you declare that certain of the church's leading rites are "well-nigh intolerable, altogether unlovely, unintelligible, remote from human life, and often untrue to fact." No doubt these conclusions are the product of your own experience, and they will be endorsed by every honest mind. As I have said before, there is a wide gulf between Christianity and Churchianity. More's the pity. JOHN BULL.

To STANLEY MACHIN, Esq.,
President, Association of British Chambers of Commerce.

SIR,—While the Chambers of Commerce have done much to provide appointments for ex-Service officers and men, I feel that they have not done all they could do. There are 2,550 men still on the books of the Appointments Department of the Ministry of Labour—surely your Association can "place" these men? Will you take steps to bring this matter before your members immediately. Had these men not fought and won during 1914–1918 there would have been no British Chambers of Commerce. JOHN BULL.

To F. FEARNLEY RHODES, Esq.,
Chairman, Shipley Urban Council, Yorks.

SIR,—I am not surprised that a storm should have arisen in your Council over local housing conditions. One of my Shipley readers has been living with his wife and three children in a single small room for the last four years, but whenever he applies for a Council house he is told that there are many worse cases than his to be considered first. The declaration of members that this state of things is a disgrace to the town seems amply justified, and I look to you to see that the serious allegations of preferential treatment which have been made are thoroughly investigated. JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

CLEAN UP PUBLIC LIFE!

Fair Play for Baby

THERE are two aspects of Baby Week that merit public consideration. On the one hand we may congratulate those responsible for this effort to quicken popular interest in the problems of child welfare; on the other hand we may deplore the necessity for any special effort to focus public attention upon matters of such obvious urgency.

In a proper state of society there would surely be no need to insist so loudly upon fair play to the child. Universal homage would be paid to King Baby.

As it is, every year sees its cruel massacre of innocents. In the slums of our great cities thousands of children are born only to die, while others must needs grow up stunted in mind and body for want of light and air. Statesmen must realise that if this wicked waste of man-power is to be prevented, they must launch a frontal attack on the evil social conditions which are poisoning the springs of the nation's life.

But whatever we do we must not depose the mother. No degree of State effort can replace the natural ties of human affection. As Mr. Wheatley has well said: "Nothing of a much more evil character could creep into our national politics than the idea that any public organisation could possibly take the place of the mother in a civilised community."

The duty of a civilised state is to make it possible for parents to rear healthy children, so that motherhood may be not a barren martyrdom, but the happy experience which Nature intended it to be.

Off with the Cobwebs

TWO of the greatest of our national businesses are Parliament and the Administration of the Law. Yet both these departments of public affairs are allowed to employ out-of-date methods that would drive any ordinary business to bankruptcy.

The Law Courts will soon rise for the Long Vacation For three months the business of the Courts will be at a standstill, no matter what important commercial interests suffer by the delay, and law costs pile up against litigants who have not been fortunate enough to get their cases through before the recess.

At every turn the administration of justice is hindered by out-of-date methods and clumsy formalities which serve only to waste time. Similarly in Parliament there is such a want of common-sense in the arrangement of public business that legislation is disgracefully in arrears. Both machines need a thorough spring clean.

Wangled Contracts and Sales of Honours

WE demand an enquiry into the graft and corruption that is making public life an unsavoury scandal. Government business is a byword. There is no longer room in Britain for backstair politics.

THE recent case of Col. Parkinson, who successfully sued for the return of £3,000 paid by him in expectation of receiving a knighthood, has once more brought to the nostrils of the public the unsavoury stink caused by the scandal of the sale of honours.

This scandal had been brought to such a pitch that, willy nilly, the last Government was forced to take action. There is no reason for supposing that overt dealing in titles in return for heavy contributions to party funds is still proceeding, but there is no smoke before fire, and this case is bound to make the public wonder how much touting—genuine or fraudulent—is proceeding behind the scenes.

The point we wish to make is that the morality of public life has sunk so low that even a hard-headed North of England contractor thinks a promise of influence and "pull" is worth the investment of £3,000 in hard cash.

LET us turn to another case recently brought into the light of day. Here we find that the firm of De La Rue, Ltd., paid until 1908, £20,000 a year to the firm of Messrs. Waterlow to avoid competition for Government contracts, and out of this £20,000 the managing director of Messrs. Waterlows paid other firms who might have competed for the contracts. To call these payments "grossly improper," as did Mr. Justice Swift, is to put the case mildly. It is a scandal of the first magnitude, besides which even the sale of honours takes second place.

WHEN we come to Government contracts, the matter touches the public direct.

The case of Warrilows, Ltd. *v.* De La Rue shows what a good thing contractors make out of Government contracts, and proves that they have their hands deep in the pockets of the public. The immediate inference is that if Messrs. De La Rue thought it worth their while to pay £20,000 a year to avoid competition, the Government was paying them at least £20,000 a year more than they should have done.

What the public will very naturally want to know is how many more such cases are waiting to be unearthed despite the alleged safeguards of the Prevention of Corruption Act.

Let us turn to yet another side of this unsavoury picture. Politicians have recently been deploring the expense of contesting Parliamentary elections. Mr. Baldwin and Sir William Joynson-Hicks have made the public think by their disclosure of what is tantamount to moral blackmail during elections. In practice, it is indisputable that the candidate with the longest purse stands the greatest chance of election.

WE therefore welcome wholeheartedly Mr. Hore-Belisha's Bill to limit legally the amount a member may spend in his constituency. It is intolerable that money bags should win and hold seats in Parliament.

All these things point to the wide-spread existence of graft and corruption in public life.

It is time that drastic action was taken. In the interests of the nation as a whole, let there be a searching enquiry into the way that Government contracts are obtained and held. Let Mr. Hore-Belisha's Bill speedily become law. Let us make a start in cleaning up public life by cutting at the roots of the disease.

Casualties of Peace

THE human wreckage of the nations' workshops is appalling. Our industrial system betrays a callous disregard for human life. Longer and longer become the casualty lists of the railways, the death and accident roll of the mines and quarries, the cruel record of manslaughter and mutilation in factory and forge. Not an hour passes but some breadwinner is struck down.

What are we doing for the widows and orphans? Not nearly enough. The widow with her fatherless children is limited by the Workmen's Compensation Act to a maximum payment of £300.

An injured workman, wholly incapacitated from wage-earning, can receive no more than 35s. weekly on which to maintain himself and his wife and family.

Nearly nine million persons are employed in mines, railways, docks and shipping. In a recent year 3,531 of these met their deaths at their work, while a hundred times that number sustained non-fatal accidents. The average payment in respect of death was £214; at so little do we value a man's life. The average compensation for disablement was £13 14s.

Such figures are hardly calculated to inflate a civilised people with a sense of pride.

An imperative need of the early future is a more adequate scheme of Workmen's Compensation. The industrial community must honestly shoulder the risk of accident, the main burden of which at present rests on the over-loaded backs of the poor.

Our Wasted Power

WE have frequently commented on the amazing chaos which exists in the supply of electrical power in this country. As long ago as 1906 a Bill was introduced which would have ensured to Londoners a cheap supply of electricity, generated by the riverside, and economically distributed to factories, shops and dwelling-houses.

The Bill perished, and nothing has been done. Since the war three Governments have held office, but not one of them has thought it worth while to tackle this problem on business-like lines in such a way as to give the whole country the benefit of cheap electrical power.

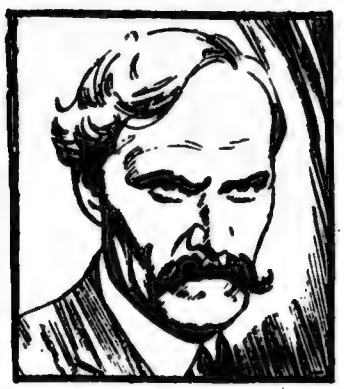
If only the present Ministry would get to grips with this problem, fearlessly grappling with the private vested interests that stand in the way, they might give to British industry such an impetus as it has not received since the discovery of steam made us the workshop of the world.

Tragedy of Ramsay MacDonald

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

THIS brilliant contributor has some very hard things to say of the Premier, and quotes other authorities to support his case. Our own view is that Mr. MacDonald is within measurable distance of restoring peace to Europe, which is the first step to prosperity at home.



The Rt. Hon. Ramsay MacDonald, who, whatever his detractors may say, is respected by the people for his sterling personal qualities.

ONE of the leaders of the Conservative Party, who entertains the most friendly feelings for Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, said to me some weeks ago, "I am extremely sorry for Ramsay. I know his difficulties. They are appalling."

He proceeded to enumerate those difficulties. "Zaghlul," he said, "is making such claims to the Suez Canal and the Soudan as no British Government can concede. The Prime Minister must refuse to discuss those claims. We should turn him out if he did. But suppose Zaghlul sticks to them; suppose it comes to sending British bayonets to Egypt in the autumn; what will the wild men of Socialism say to that? It would split the Party."

Then he mentioned reparations. "Ramsay MacDonald has come to see that the Germans are not to be trusted. Before he assumed power he thought it would be an easy matter to get them on the side of peace. He was persuaded that French militarism was responsible for German militarism. Show the French that we had no sympathy with their policy in the Ruhr, invite the Germans to trust British friendship, and in a few months there would be peace in Europe, prosperity in Great Britain.

"HE has now altered his tune. The terrific facts of German psychology have scattered his easy dreams. The German does not want peace; he wants revenge. The German is not a democrat; he is a Prussian. France has reason on her side in seeking above all other things, and first and foremost, her territorial security."

Finally he mentioned Russia. "Ramsay was convinced that he could bring the Bolsheviks to reason. He thought that a conference would establish peace between us, and that, with credits granted to the impoverished Russian Government, trade would revive, unemployment be decreased, and a great step taken towards world peace. Poor fellow!

"He now knows it's a hundred to one that the Russian Conference will break down. Another hope going fast! What is to become of the Labour Party when winter finds it confronting a world of undiminished misery, and possibly a world to which war has returned?"

SUCH are the tragic difficulties which, in secret, poison the peace of mind of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. He has become a great social figure. He entertains with charm; he makes admirable speeches; at every function in which he takes a part his striking appearance and his dignified manner attract universal attention. All the world is now as used to domestic photographs of the Labour Prime Minister with his nice daughter, Miss Ishbel MacDonald, as a former generation was used to family photographs of Mr. Gladstone and his grandchild, Miss Dorothy Drew. But the Prime Minister is in truth a lonely and a tragic figure. Despair is gnawing at his heart. He knows that failure stares him in the face. The red flag is flying at half mast.

His position in the Labour Party resembles that of Parnell in the Irish Party. He is feared by his followers, not loved. He commands them only because there is no one else to take his place. He is nothing like so popular as Jim Thomas, but nobody in the Labour Party takes Jim Thomas very seriously.

They take the Prime Minister seriously because his intellectual powers are so much greater than those of any other man in the Party, and because he is the one strong man among them who is equally respected both by the moderate Labour men and the revolutionary Socialists. There is scarcely a lonelier or a more haunted man in politics than Ramsay MacDonald.

I DO not wish to add a straw to the dreadful burden which he is now carrying. But much more to me than the peace of Mr. MacDonald's mind, or the welfare of the Labour Party, is the condition of the people of this country. That condition remains unchanged. It is what it was when Mr. MacDonald was most bitterly attacking the Conservative Government and most eloquently assuring democracy that he could bring peace to Europe and hope to the homes of the unemployed.

How much longer is this condition to continue? How much longer must the engaged couple wait before they can find a house to live in? How much longer must the out-of-work men line up in a queue at the Labour Exchange to receive their dole?

Sir Robert Horne has said of Mr. MacDonald that his gaze is so fixed on the horizon of foreign politics that he has stumbled over his own doorstep. It is certainly true that while the horizon of foreign politics does not clear, but on the contrary becomes redder and redder with storm, the domestic doorstep of England remains as black with human suffering, and as congested with unemployed men and women, as it was six months ago. In spite of all its fine promises, Labour has not succeeded in easing the pain or diminishing the despair of one single heart in this country.

Might there not have been a very different tale to tell, and a much more hopeful prospect for the coming winter, if the Prime Minister had devoted the intelligence and sympathy he has given so lavishly to Russians, Germans, Egyptians and Sinn Feiners to our own suffering folk here in the British Islands, and also to our loyal and high-spirited people in Australia, Canada and South Africa?

Is it not clear that a great effort to increase inter-Imperial trade by one means or another must have done more for the domestic happiness of the British people than all the vain attempts of the Prime Minister to alter the psychology of alien nations?

If Mr. Ramsay MacDonald fails it will be, I think, because, in spite of many excellent qualities, he has never really loved his country. He could never give us his heart in our struggle with Germany, and he will never be able to give us his whole attention while there is one foreign nation clamouring for a new idea.

THE man we need at our head, I care not what his Party may be, is a man who deeply loves the British people, who truly cares for their sorrows, and who is profoundly determined to raise the whole standard of living in these islands. Certain I am that no man can be of any real service to us in our manifold distresses whose heart is set on the perilous illusions of Internationalism.

Sweated wages are a crime against the sanctity of womanhood.

Storm of Indignatio

Mr. A. M. Thompson, whose exposure of sweated waitresses is bringing about reforms.

IT is good to believe that out of the evil exposed by the plaint of the Wembley waitresses, great and incalculable benefit may accrue to thousands of underpaid drudges. Already some little amendment is proposed in the wages of the men employed by the catering kings at Cadby Hall. A forty-eight-hour week is to be established; overtime worked hitherto without payment is to be compensated; and a minimum wage of 55s. for male adults is offered.

The concessions are trivial. A wage of 55s. a week, at the present cost of living, will buy no more than bare subsistence for a family in London. But there is solid comfort in the evident fact that the stir raised in this paper has begun to produce an effect. And there is still greater comfort in the evidence which is accumulating in JOHN BULL'S post-bag that the scandal exposed at the grand Exhibition of the British Empire's wealth and resources has started an agitation for the redress of women workers' grievances which is rousing the country from end to end.

A wage of 12s., or 17s. 6d., or even 20s. a week (and even meaner rates are reported to us)—what does this mean to a girl who has to maintain herself and to preserve a "respectable" appearance in a city of high rents and costly food? What "respectability" can we expect at the price? And if the wage-earner be a woman with children to keep, as many of our correspondents are, how, on such a pittance, can she clothe their backs and provide the nourishing food that growing children need? What does happen—what inevitably must happen—is that the children are starved and stunted, and instead of becoming makers of wealth for the State when they reach manhood, they become a burden of feebleness or sickness or criminality which those who are efficient are doomed to carry on their backs.

Or, alternatively, the frequent result of the starvation wages paid to women is that the harassed, worried mother, fretting to see the children she has brought into the world suffering

The Prince and the Giant

by A. G. GARDINER

WE cannot run this planet on national competitive lines. If we are going to fight for the mighty electrical power which science has discovered for us, and use it as a national weapon, we shall create a monster that will destroy us all indifferently.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, who opened the World-Power Parliament at Wembley which is dealt with here by A. G. G.

WEMBLEY is making history in more ways than one, and in more ways than we know. But if I were asked to guess what would live as the most important thing that has happened at Wembley, I should answer unhesitatingly, the World-Power Parliament opened the other day by the Prince of Wales. The Prince himself indicated the significance of this great event when he said that it was intended to inaugurate an effort to do for world industry what the League of Nations aimed at doing for world politics.

Unless we see the affair in this large setting we shall miss its meaning. It is a part of that new world-organisation which the war has imposed on us. In August, 1914, our old tabernacle was blown to bits, and all the King's horses and all the King's men will never put it together again. We have to build a new one on a better plan, and at the root of this vast business is Power.

WHAT do we mean by Power? It is the application of the latent forces of Nature to the uses of men. There have been many distinctions drawn between man and the rest of the animal creation. For example, Mark Twain said that "Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to." And in that jest he touched on the spiritual mystery that separates us from the rest of the animal creation.

Man is the only animal that has the sense of sin. But he is also the only animal that uses tools. When the first rudimentary man first sharpened a flint, humanity emerged from the underworld and the jungle, and began the great adventure of the conquest of the powers of the earth and the air. For thousands of years his progress was at a snail's pace. Little by little he added to his knowledge and his tools. He learned to strike fire, to bake bricks, to spin wool; but the great secrets of Nature remained hidden.

It is only yesterday, as it were, that those terrific secrets began to be revealed. When my grandfather was born in the eighteenth century men knew little more of the great powers of Nature than they did in the days of Christ or the Pharaohs. It was only then that Science began its astonishing victories, with the discovery by a solitary scholar at Glasgow University of the power of steam.

That discovery changed the world, our habits, our manner of life, our social relationships, our national and international being. It opened the Book of Revelation, and to-day man is invested with unthinkable powers. He pumps them in great rivers from the bowels of the earth, he digs them from the mines, he draws them from the air. He transmutes them into miracles of utility. He blasts mountains, sends trains hurtling like thunderbolts across continents, brings ships fearlessly through hurricanes that should blow them away like chaff, sends his messages round the earth in soundless waves that are caught a thousand miles away, sets ten thousand looms whirring from a single furnace, talks from London to Edinburgh or from New York to San Francisco as if he were talking across a table, flies in the air like a bird, journeys under the sea like a leviathan.

COMPARED with our forefathers we are gods in material power. We can move mountains and chain the lightnings. We can blow cities to pieces twenty miles away, and discharge a shell that will send 20,000 tons of metal that we can only see like a pin-point on the horizon in a dust storm to the skies.

And we don't know whether this terrific power is god or devil. We don't know whether it is a blessing or a curse. We don't know whether we have discovered a beneficent giant who will lift the burden off our back, or have created a monster which will destroy us. We don't know, because we have not adjusted our life to the mighty meanings of the revelation. We have tried to live as though the coming of the giant had made no difference to our aims. We have acted as though Power was a tribal god who could be enlisted on the side of this nation or that, and who would enable us to crush our enemies under our heel.

THAT has been the root error that has brought our tabernacle to ruins. Power cannot be nationalised. It is indifferent to political frontiers. If we could localise it, it would be the devil indeed for it would be used, not to make life richer and more abundant, but to destroy life. Its function is world-wide and its very nature is world-wide. We have been made great by the rich coal measures that underlie the crust of our soil.

But what is happening to-day? New sources of Power are being revealed and exploited. In the desolate places of the earth, Mexico, Persia, Mesopotamia, great subterranean lakes of liquid Power are changing the whole problem of world dynamics. Not only oil, but water is challenging coal as the source of Power. The rivers are being set to grind electricity, and I have seen in the great works at Niagara the fall of the mighty waters being turned into Power that lights the streets of cities a hundred miles away.

We have not got to the end of all this stupendous development. The giant is still only in his infancy, and during the next half century we shall probably see all the marvels of Power we know eclipsed by discoveries which will harness the tides of the sea and the forces latent in the atmosphere. The mystery of the mighty atom is still unsolved, but no one doubts that it will be unravelled, yet no mind can conceive what will be the effect of that discovery upon human activity.

WHAT is the conclusion which all this forces upon the mind? It is the conclusion which I think is indicated in the Prince's remark at the opening of the Wembley Conference. If the might Power which science has discovered and invented for us is to be the servant of humanity, and not the destroyer and tyrant of humanity, we must think of it and deal with it in world-terms. If we are going to fight for its possession as a weapon of national power we shall create a monster that will slay us all indifferently. But if we agree that Power is the common possession of humanity, to be administered for the universal service, then the terror of Science will vanish and the giant will become the servant of us all.

That is what the Prince meant when, speaking as a good citizen of the world, he said that the Wembley Conference aims at doing for world industry what the League of Nations aims at doing for world politics. We cannot run this planet on national competitive lines any more. We have to run it as a co-operative concern or we are doomed.

ation Against Lyons.

by ALEX. M. THOMPSON

from hunger or cold, is driven to the one way in which a woman of passable appearance can earn quick money in this civilised and Christian world.

I have a letter from a waiter who tells of a waitress (not a Lyons girl) so distracted by her life's hopelessness, that, trampling down the modesty of her sex, she proposed to a porter in the same employ that he should pool his wage of 25s. with hers, and mend their wretchedness by sharing her room and expenses. Most of the other girls, she said, had to do it. And my correspondent, who has six daughters to keep, fervently ends his report with the prayer: "God forbid that my girls ever have to come into this line, for I know from years of experience that it annually leads thousands of girls to the street."

That is a human document whose truth and earnestness are proclaimed by every word in the letter. The man unmistakably writes of what he knows, and honestly tells what he feels. These things happen. He has seen them. He prays that his daughters may be saved from the wreck and ruin which, to his certain knowledge, overtakes thousands of girls every year.

Well, what about it? Can any Briton who is a man become aware of this infamy without realising the shame to his country and to himself? Can any lady—can any woman who is a woman—read of this crime against the honour and sanctity of her sex without a blush and a fierce desire to help in suppressing this cursed incentive to the defilement of womanhood?

Does this Christian world really respect and cherish the purity of women? Reverence for that vital social virtue, and chivalrous defence of it, are the supposed basis of what we call civilised life. But is it indeed to the potentiality of untainted motherhood that men pay the highest deference? Or can it be, as the wages paid to women seem to indicate, that our homage to women is no more than a cheap and superficial gallantry paid by hypocrites or rakes to well-dressed and wealthy ladies; whilst in dealing with the poor and helpless, men's respect and gentleness are scrapped, the ruthless exploitation of feminine weakness for profit is regarded as good business, and Society beams upon the blood and tears, the shame and ruin of desperate girls, as an unavoidable exigency of commercial competition?

This question clamours for a straight answer.

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Saints and Sinners

MONOCLES AND MILITANCY

A True-blue Tory who Saw Red

by HESKETH PEARSON

THE first thing that strikes you when you talk to Miss Susan Lawrence is that she is thinking of something else. She seems detached from the whirl of life around her. Her look takes you in, sizes you up, and then goes right beyond you. You become simply one object among many in her line of vision.

And her eyes do not betray her. She *is* thinking of something else. She is thinking of poor children, poor mothers, poor homes, of educational boards, national unions, county councils and arbitration committees. Her mind is literally crammed full and running over with social welfare ideas, municipal statutes and blue-book statistics.

But her mind was not always like this. There was a time when a girl at Cambridge, called in those days Arabella Lawrence, almost achieved fame by her high-Tory, reactionary views. She even wore a monocle and took a keen interest in passing fashions. She talked with a drawl and sometimes made epigrams for her own amusement.

HER family was a very legal one—about three judges and half a dozen solicitors among her immediate relations—and it was only natural that her gifts should be of the forensic order. Keen debates and weighty arguments were the order of the day in her room at Newnham College, and there was an occasional "scene" when some visitor displayed a tendency to sniff at Toryism!

Gradually, however, she shifted her position. After leaving Cambridge, public matters began to absorb her interest, and at the age of thirty she became a member of the London School Board. The monocle the drawl, the epigrams, Toryism—one after another disappeared—and even the aristocratic "Arabella" gave place to the more democratic "Susan." Nevertheless, it took ten years of public life to transform her into a Progressive, and two more years before she actually shipped anchor and sailed into the harbour of Labour.

HER work in the L.C.C. as a representative of Poplar brought her to the front; and when she accompanied her fellow-members to prison in 1921 for refusing to levy certain rates, her grateful borough made her an alderman.

Prior to her election for East Ham last December, she fought and lost three parliamentary elections. Each failure made her fight all the more fiercely. Her speeches were always thought a little too "intellectual," but she strenuously attacked the policy of cutting down expenditure on school-children's food and this gained her the votes of the mothers.

The Minister of Education, Mr. Trevelyan, has appointed her one of his Parliamentary private secretaries, and she has already made herself indispensable. She is liked by her associates but she never goes out of her way to gain popularity and she usually seems out of place at political tea-parties.

Miss Susan Lawrence, M.P.

SHE believes absolutely in the equality of the sexes and, like Margaret Bondfield, emphasises her belief by removing her hat whenever she addresses a meeting. Asked one day by a male supporter why she spoke with her hat off, she retaliated by asking him why he did the same.

"Well," he said, "it's a habit. Men always do it."

"Precisely," she retorted with that far-away look—and left it at that!

The Sentence of the Court

BLACK-SHIRT BRIGANDAGE

Swan Song of Mussolini

by HARRISON OWEN

STRIDING into the dock like a barnstormer about to hurl defiance at the "gods," Signor Benito Mussolini pleaded "Not guilty" to a charge of attempted manslaughter "in that he did seek to bore Europe to death."

"Although in this country we have always declined to take this black-shirted braggart too seriously," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the time has come for Mussolini to be pushed back into the obscurity from which under normal conditions he never would have emerged. His fight for a place in the limelight began two years ago, when Italy was suffering from post-war unrest, and a number of voters were deluded into mistaking a melodramatic egotist for a heaven-sent statesman.

"The Black Shirt militia were guilty of secretly organised tyranny, but the latest Fascist crime—the murder of Signor Matteotti—seems fated to prove the undoing of Mussolini. The limelight in which he has posed for two years has turned into forked lightning.

"It is unfortunate for the B.F's," concluded counsel, "that the issue of their latest pamphlet, in which they announce: 'We are, in short, ardent admirers of Signor Mussolini, and intend following his example,' should have coincided with the Matteotti outrage."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, defending, said that "it was outrageous to attempt to associate Signor Mussolini with the 'disappearance' of Signor Matteotti—an incident which had shocked and horrified the Black Shirt leader. Mussolini had shown himself to be without question the finest actor of his time, and some allowance should be made for those excesses to which the artistic temperament notoriously was prone. A British court was no more justified in hearing a charge against this Italian performer than an Italian court would be in seeking to suppress Mrs. Patrick Campbell."

The jury having returned a verdict of "Guilty," Mr. Justice Bull remarked that, "although he agreed that there was no evidence which directly associated the prisoner with the Matteotti crime, Mussolini had countenanced the campaign of violence which had culminated in this outrage. "When the prisoner won to power," said the judge, "he had a magnificent opportunity to prove his statesmanship, but, instead of pouring oil on the trouble waters of Italian affairs, he used castor-oil.

"The time has now come to give him a taste of his own medicine, and for him to exchange his black shirt for the hair shirt of repentance. For his misdeeds, as they affect Italy, the prisoner will have to answer to his fellow-countrymen, but as punishment for his attempt to bore to death the newspaper readers of this country, I must order that two gallons of castor-oil be administered to him daily until such time as he retires from his waning 'star' role in favour of some more competent and less bellowdramatic actor."

"OLD BEANS" AND YOUNG MINXES

THE ill-health of the poor, and their overcrowded and insanitary houses, are problems which many of the leisured class ignore, asserts Earl Russell in this vigorous article. If we are to achieve anything in life a concerted and disciplined effort is necessary

by EARL RUSSELL

IN ordinary conversation loose statements are often made that the morals of the present day are past all hope and have degenerated into licence, that we are a C3 nation, that we are lapsing into mere frivolity, or as an alternative into barbarism.

The cry is not a new one; in all ages there have been plenty of people to declare that the country is going to the dogs. It will be generally found that they are the people who are not doing anything particular to prevent it going there, and it may be worth while to examine their allegations a little more closely.

It is true that the relations between men and women are much freer than they were and that our Universities are over-run with attractive females. A learned female don was expressing rather forcibly to me the other day a wish that the young women who went to the Universities would think only of their work. I seem to have heard the same kind of wish expressed by dons about male undergraduates.

IT really is hardly natural to ask young, growing, and energetic people to think only of their work, but I am sure it is not true that the majority spend the whole of their time in flirtation. Flirtation has not been unknown in more sober ages; there were minxes in Jane Austen's time, even if they were demure minxes.

I think, on the whole, it is better for young people's characters that they should be open, frank, and above-board in what they do rather than hypocritical, and I am not prepared to believe that in the majority of cases harm comes of it. Mrs. Grundy and early-Victorian prejudices had their uses, and it is difficult for one of my generation not to sympathise with them to some extent, but they also did an infinity of harm in repressing initiative, naturalness, and development of character.

MANNERS have changed too, and a contemporary of mine tells me that his daughter calls him "Old Bean."

This is, of course, very shocking, but there is probably a far more agreeable and healthy relationship between parent and child than in the days of Miss Edgeworth when she would have called him "Sir." What I mind much more is the way the modern woman makes herself up to look like a woman of the streets, with her painted lips, the reddened cheeks and her blackened eyes. It seems to me no answer to say it is the fashion, for in my day ladies liked to distinguish themselves from the other class by the dignity of their appearance and deportment.

The change in social manners in the last five-and-twenty years is probably not realised by the present generation. Now everything is informal, free and easy, and generally agreeable; then, with few exceptions, social functions were solemn, long arranged, and boring.

No young man or woman under twenty-five would have ventured to talk loudly at the dinner table. No lady would have permitted herself to be seen dining at a restaurant in public unless she was travelling, or it would never have occurred to her as possible to ask her friends to one.

AT a dance the young women were never far or long away from their chaperons, the dances were proper and the music agreeable, in marked contrast to the modern hugging and the blaring nigger sensualties of a jazz band.

There is also at the moment a passion for night clubs, for meaningless revues, for trashy literature and for novels whose only claim to notice is their obscenity; but we must remember that we are not all made alike, and that perhaps those who enjoy these pleasures have minds ill-adapted to a more serious mental diet. Here, again, they at least avoid being hypocritical in pretending a devotion to Shakespeare or Milton.

AN objection which I think has greater weight is that so many of the leisured class, while prating very readily about the Empire, give no thought at all to any of the serious questions which concern their country's happiness. The ill-health of the poor, their overcrowding and insanitary houses, the deficiencies of our system of popular education, unemployment, and, indeed, any subject which can be condemned as serious or brushed aside as politics, does not interest them and never crosses their minds.

The immense importance to this country of a European settlement, and of the revival of trade, leaves them cold: their favoured newspapers do not deal with such things, but serve them up snippety paragraphs about horse racing, death rays, Ascot frocks, divorce scandals, and film stars instead. Anyone advocating the importance of so-called serious topics would be pooh-poohed as a kill-joy.

AGAIN, it is unfair to generalise, for apart from the froth at the top there is a very large body of serious men and women who do give earnest consideration to the problems upon whose solution the happiness of their country must ultimately depend. To this extent one must hope that the modern newspaper is not a true reflex of the life of the country.

The war at least showed this among all the infinite harm that it did to the cause of civilisation, that the nation as a whole was capable of a serious purpose and of a serious response when the call came. Before the war it was said with equal insistence that we were all luxurious, idle, pleasure-loving, without constancy or grit, and, indeed, a nation of worthless people. The devotion, the courage and the endurance shown in the war stamped that as a lie, and I see no reason to think that the real facts are otherwise now.

It is also said that we have been brutalised by the war, and that we are more barbarous than we were before—another idle charge which even cold statistics can refute, for the criminal statistics show that murder, manslaughter, robbery with violence, and crimes against the person are fewer to-day than they were in 1913.

WOMEN, it is said, go to boxing contests, women frequent the pigeon-shooting at Monte Carlo (which after all is not so much cruel as contemptible), and spectacles like the Rodeo are allowed in an exhibition supported by Parliament and the nation.

There have always been women who went to gladiatorial contests even in ancient Rome, while the Rodeo charge carries its own refutation. For even among those who were willing and anxious to see this spectacle and thought the skill and daring would outweigh the brutality, there was so much disgust at the steer-roping that the performances had to be abandoned.

There is little doubt that everything is in a state of flux at present. Revealed religion in the sense of the fairly definite beliefs of our forefathers is dead. The necessity for a religion survives, however: some object, some purpose, some intention is needed to give a meaning and a savour to life.

HALF-BAKED substitutes flourish, such as Christian Science and Spiritualism, but these are even more irrational than the older forms which they have displaced. Some new religion must be found, and it must satisfy three conditions; first, it must not be rejected by reason; secondly, it must give a purpose and a meaning to life, and thirdly, it must give emotional satisfaction.

The third condition is the hardest to fulfil for any religion founded, as I think the new one must be, on brotherhood and the service of man. It may be that only the first two conditions are obtainable in any general religion and that the emotional religion will continue to be private and diverse according to the temperament of the individual.

I PUT religion first because it is useless to consider whether one mode of life or one course of conduct is better than another until you have some standard to which to refer it. I do not denounce a life of pleasure: it must be left to experience to do that, and experience goes to show that those who spend their lives in the pursuit of pleasure never succeed in attaining it.

Earl Russell

The moral precepts of our youth can no longer in a state of flux rest upon authority; they must appeal to experience for their validity and their sanction. Discipline is often extolled as though it were a virtue in itself, but its real justification is merely that indiscipline leads to futility and a lack of accomplishment.

LIFE in the world does not differ in its essentials from life in the trenches: if anything is to be achieved a concerted and disciplined effort is necessary to the achievement. There are those, few in number, who seem to extract all they wish from life by dancing over the stream like a midge on a summer day. If that does, indeed give them all they wish, which I doubt in the end, then no one need complain if they elect to live that way.

There is an old copy-book maxim, which says "Honesty is the best policy." The maxim may seem merely cynical to the man with a definite religious standard, but it is founded on business experience, and all other moral maxims are invalid unless they can also pass the test of experience. So that in the end the way to seek happiness is to live rightly, and living rightly is the way to find happiness.

IT is the immoral course, it is the uncivilised conduct, it is the anti-social attitude which is the true kill-joy, but its exact application to the facts of life may quite reasonably differ enormously in individuals according to their temperament and their environment. So I refuse altogether to despair of the present generation, although to my disillusioned and elderly eye they certainly appear to be fiddling while Rome is burning.

Choice—

"Aberdeen and the Dee. Don and Spey."

"The West Highlands."

"The Northumberland Coast and Byways."

"Teesdale and the Eden Valley."

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Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer are suppressed so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents must send stamped addressed envelopes if they wish to be answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings is sent to each of the writers of the letters printed on this page.

Girl with No Hope

"I AM twenty-five years of age, and up to about four years ago lived in the provinces, where I was one of a happy set of men and girls who went about a good deal, and generally had a jolly time—in fact I was never hard up for a friend of either sex. Circumstances then brought me to London, and I left my home town with the highest hopes for the future, only to be plunged into what have proved to be the loneliest years I have known.

"I hardly know any people, and although I often long to go to a dance, etc., I have nobody to go with. During week-ends I am usually alone, with the result that I get very depressed, and life does not seem worth living.

"Ever since I left school I have always had a deep longing to be loved and cared for, to be a wife and mother, and always believed I should meet a man who would love me and whom I should love in return. To show you deep down into my mind, I have prayed for years with absolute faith that this should come to me, but now it seems that even God does not hear.

"I know you will say I am young, but it seems to me that the years ahead hold nothing more than the last few years have held. Could you tell me of any clubs I could join, or suggest any way by which I should meet people. I get ample opportunities of getting to know men in trains, cafés, etc., but I have never been used to making acquaintances in this way, although I feel sometimes that I would do anything just for companionship."

"Humanist" says:—*You are right. At twenty-five I do not think your future happiness irretrievably lost. Join a girl's club—social or sporting. Take part in the social life of the church you attend and give your spare time, if you have any, to helping others. Mr. Right will come along.*

A Tangled Marriage

"MY brother married a few months before the outbreak of the war. He served in France from 1914 to 1918, and while there made the acquaintance of a French lady. After the termination of hostilities he came home and was informed by someone who knew his wife that she was in the habit of going out with other men to dances, theatres, etc., while he was away. The result was that he left her and went to London where he is at present living with the woman he met in France.

"He has stated that if I tell his wife, and she goes after him, he will leave for a foreign country with the French lady. He may have heard tales about his wife, but as far as my knowledge of her goes, she is a good woman, but may be flighty.

"She does not know of her husband's whereabouts, or that he is living with another woman. She has made enquiries from me, but in order to hide scandal, and thinking that I would eventually make my brother turn over a new leaf, I have kept her in the dark.

"What would you advise me to do? Ought I to tell his wife, and clear myself of all responsibility? My conscience tells me that I should tell his wife of his whereabouts and his mode of living."

"Humanist" says: *If you think your brother's wife is innocent, I do not think you ought to withhold from her his address. Even if he leaves the country his wife will be no worse off than at present, and she is at least entitled to know the charges against her and to refute them if she can. I do not suppose she will get her husband back, as he has involved himself in other obligations. But her right to try cannot be denied.*

Afraid of Love

"I AM a sister in a large North London hospital. During my training I met a young Army surgeon with whom I became friendly. About three months after our meeting he was obliged to return to India, and asked me to become engaged to him, arranging that on his next leave—in about a year's time—he would come back and fetch me.

"Owing to various difficulties he did not get any leave, and it is now three years since we parted. His letters are as affectionate as ever, and he now writes sending my passage money and asking me to join him by the next boat and marry him immediately on my arrival.

"During his absence I have, naturally, made other friends and acquaintances who have given me a good time, taken me to dances, etc., and now that the time is so near the idea of meeting a man again after three years and marrying him the next day seems a little terrifying. We know so little of each other's temperaments, and it is possible that one or other of us may have changed during the intervening years.

"On the other hand, I am anxious to marry and have a home of my own—I feel that nursing is not my profession—and to break off the engagement for no tangible reason seems absurd. What do you think?"

"Humanist" says:—*The fact that you hesitate and regard your impending marriage as terrifying suggests that, through no fault of your own, you have lost interest in your fiancé. It may be renewed when you meet him again. As you are not in love with anybody else, and were once presumably really in love with him, I don't think you are taking too great a risk in going out to be married.*

War-time Traitor

"A FORMER friend of mine, an Excise Officer of high standing, has recently told me that during the war when he was in charge of a distillery he smuggled out spirits and sold them to a trader (at the time of the great scarcity in supplies) with the result that he has now war bonds value over £2,000 bought with this money.

"I was in the front line, and when I think of those early days of the war, when our artillery allowance of shells was small, I feel very much the conduct of this man—who diverted so much spirit which should have gone to manufacture explosives.

"Not content with being a "man who stayed at home" with the security of life and position that he enjoyed, he deliberately betrayed the trust reposed in him by the authorities, and also, in my opinion, may have been indirectly the cause of many deaths in the field. Do you think this is a case for prosecution or restitution?

"You are the only one to whom I have told the facts, and I am anxious to know the proper course to take. The man is now in great demand at local religious gatherings, and wears a sacred emblem on his watch-chain. I don't know why he unburdened himself to me, but it has weighed heavily on my mind ever since."

"Humanist" says: *A very difficult problem although men of your friend's type are, unfortunately, not uncommon. Tell him what you think of his conduct. Whether you withdraw your friendship or take any other action is a matter for your own conscience.*

Sight and Foresight

"FOR many years I have loved and have been loved by a beautiful blind girl. We should have been married long ago only that blindness is in her family. Her grandmother, mother and some of her aunts, all on her mother's side, are blind or suffer from eye-trouble.

"We are both very fond of children, and consider that children add to the happiness of married life. Would it be fair to any child of ours who happened to be born blind? We have talked this over time after time but cannot reach any decision. We have tried to forget each other. I have been away and have not seen her for over a year, but it's no use; life is dreary without each other.

"Is it fair that we should live our lives apart? Or should we marry and perhaps bring suffering children into the world?"

"Humanist" says: *Inherited blindness is uncommon, except where intermarriage is too close. Otherwise blindness is often the result of disease or want of care at birth. If you are not related, and both healthy, this would lessen the risk. Consult a specialist on this aspect of the probabilities.*

A Suffering Sister.

"An unmarried sister of mine suffers from epilepsy, and lives with my widowed father. My husband offers to keep my old father if he will send my sister to a home. He refuses. Can I, therefore, refuse to aid him and my sister?"

You can—but I hope you won't. I admire your father for his brave paternal struggle. Help him to bear his burden. That is the honour and glory of family life.

White Man's Grave.

"My father, who has no resources but a life income, wishes to go as Editor of a paper in a very unhealthy tropical country. Can I, on my mother's behalf, prevent him?"

No, though you may persuade him. Ask him to sell part of his life income and buy with the proceeds an annuity for your mother. I presume he does not wish to leave her unprovided for.

The Will and the Way.

"My brother bought a house for my father, and put it in my father's name. My brother died intestate, and his widow has the deeds and won't give them to me. My father drinks. How can I get these deeds?"

You can't. They are not yours but your father's. You cannot take his property away—because his conduct does not meet with your approval.

The Sick Daughter.

"I am a delicate girl, prevented from a good marriage by my mother and brother, and my father has made a will in my favour. My mother and brother threaten me if I get this money. What can I do?"

Your father has a right to provide for you if he thinks it necessary. If the need arises consult a solicitor who will deal with the threats.

A Question of Colour.

"A native of India is paying attentions to my daughter. Is it right of me to give my consent?"

He is a British subject, and legally entitled to as much consideration as though he were white. But experience is against such marriages and you are entitled to object—for your daughter's sake. These mixed marriages are very dangerous.

Foul Letter-writer.

"I am tortured by somebody who sends indecent letters and drawings to my young daughter. I suspect a young man in this country town. Will I expose myself to legal action if I confront and horsewhip him?"

Certainly—if you horsewhip the wrong man; and even if you horsewhip the right man you may incur trouble. Put the whole matter in the hands of the police. The conduct you complain of is a criminal offence.

His Freedom.

"I am engaged to a boy a year older than myself. A little while ago a cousin came to stay with me, and I noticed that my boy began to pay her attentions and neglect me. After she had left, everything blew over. Now my cousin is with us again, and the same thing is happening. Should I throw him over, or hope for the best?"

You cannot risk marrying a boy who does not know his own mind. Offer him his freedom. Perhaps then he will realise that it is you he wants.

The Thoughtless Father.

"My father, the best in the world, a miner, sometimes uses a swear-word. It hurts my fiancé, of better social position, and I think it may ruin our engagement. It would break my heart to give my boy up."

Honour your father—even if he does sometimes use a great big D. There are good men who sometimes are guilty of the same weakness. I don't feel any enthusiasm for a fiancé who cannot see real worth because of a little fault of manners. "The man's the gold for a' that."

Words Winged to Women

How Women are Vamped

by MABEL HORNER

THERE were some slogans coined by women in their fight for the franchise that might very well be retained. It is never true wisdom to forget the battle-cry before the victory is really gained. Most of all should women be keen to keep alive the principle embodied in the slogan, "Equal pay for equal work!"

Yet so far are women from remembering one of the main planks of the suffrage platform, that it is possible to go into any number of British towns and find work for wives while husbands stand idle.

Why should any woman be paid less than a man if expected to do the same job? We have come to regard it as inevitable. It need not be so if women will combine to make it a living question in politics.

This constant cheapening of woman power has a direct and adverse influence on the home. There is still a general concensus of opinion that home is the rightful sphere of the majority of women. True! Home is still the sphere the greatest number of women would prefer if only the economic barrier did not intervene to keep them out.

For home is where the children are, and a mother's instinct is to be with them as their natural and constant guardian.

IF preference or necessity takes women's feet into other paths, it is still most important that they should not be employed merely because they are cheap. To that terrible dictum may be traced some of the vilest evils with which our civilisation is disgraced. The higher up in the ranks, the worse the anomaly becomes.

To take the teaching profession—one the most self-sacrificing in which women can engage—the facts are nothing short of scandalous. Salaries are based with callous calculation on the fact of a generally accepted lower standard for women. A woman teacher does not receive what she earns. This is proved by instances where, if she has been successful among a number of applicants for the same post, she is given four-fifths of the salary that would be offered to a man teacher.

Posts are increasing in hundreds of directions which go to women instead of men merely because women are cheaper. Thus is shown a vital connection between the cheapening of women's work and the devastating unemployment amongst men. To declare for equal pay for equal work is not to foster sex antagonism. It is to do away with a great deal of the antagonism that already exists.

THE case of the women doctors is worthy of note. Theirs has been an uphill fight. It takes as long for women to train as for men. It costs as much. Their ability is as great. The first woman who, quite recently, won the Duncan Medal at the London School of Tropical Medicine, carried it off from twenty-five male competitors.

Why then should public institutions invariably offer a salary less by hundreds to a woman doctor than the same body would expect to pay a man? Why should Dr. Mary Gordon, when H.M. Inspector of Prisons, receive no more than half the salary paid to male competitors doing the same job?

There is no reason except the relic of custom which considered a woman inferior to a man. So the women doctors thought. They were able to stick out against it. Their male colleagues saw clearly what this unfair competition meant, and not only the Women's Federation, but the British Medical Association, took up a firm attitude on the point. Instances of unequal pay being offered are still known, but the women doctors are getting what they wanted—equal pay for equal work.

Soon a General Election will come along. Let women revive the slogan, make a live issue of "Equal pay for equal work." Accomplished, it would send up at a bound the standard of life for thousands of little children.

Men who Know Everything

THE work of our Free Advice Service rolls on in an amazing way. Every day thousands of letters on every possible subject pour into our office asking for help and advice.

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* * *

"My daughter wishes to go on the stage, and I am anxious about her future. Could you advise me what steps to take?"

* * *

"Are the shares in the —— Co., Ltd., of any value?"

* * *

"The landlord is threatening me with eviction. Can he legally put me out?"

"I enclose details of my pension. Can you get it through for me?"

* * *

"Is the 1819 2/- worth anything?"

* * *

"Can you give me help regarding my crystal set?"

* * *

"I want to break off my engagement to my girl. How should I go about it?"

* * *

"Is ——'s Food good for a baby of eighteen months?"

* * *

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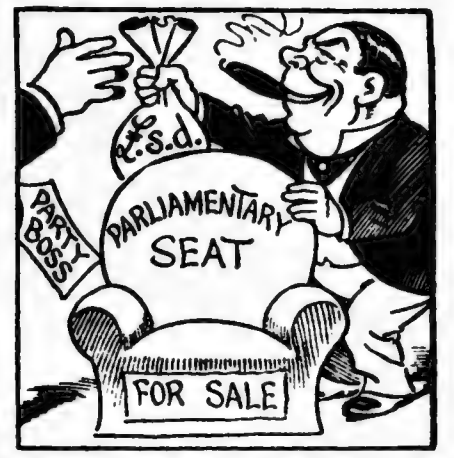
CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

There's something weak about this freak,
He needs examination;
Unless we're wrong he's suffered long
From mental aberration.



We've often thought that seats were bought
And now we find it's true;
Which means the tribe who take the bribe
Are selling me and you.

To profiteers for years and years
Our laws have been too gentle;
With such a horde we can't afford
To be so sentimental!

Her love we're told is growing cold,
Her passion slowly wilting;
And soon, 'tis said, it will be dead
And Ramsay she'll be jilting.

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Another Eclipse Stakes

Papyrus and Ellangowan are the only serious

LORD ASTOft is popularly supposed to be an unlucky owner. But he is just the opposite. He may not yet have won the Derby, but his horses have won four of the five Eclipse Stakes since the war and the one that was beaten, Tamar, lost by the smallest margin.

In short, Lord Astor's racing expenses have been paid by the Sandown Park executive.

Saltash Won at 20 to 1.

The Astor monopoly in this valuable event threatens to continue. In the forthcoming Eclipse, Saltash, Bright Knight and St. Germans, all his horses, are among those who survived the forfeit stages. Any of this trio is capable of winning, particularly the last named. Saltash, of course, was the victor last year when the stable had a hot favourite in Bold and Bad. This year he is not likely to run as I hear he is going abroad.

Not Far Enough for Inkerman.

The best of the others left in the Eclipse are a bit mixed. They range from Inkerman, who wants double the Eclipse journey, to Mumtaz Mahal who would win were the race over six furlongs and not ten.

Other probables are Papyrus, Polyphontes, Donzelon, Tippler, Knight of the Garter and one of Lord Rosebery's pair, Parmenio and Ellangowan. Of this lot the only ones likely to beat St. Germans are Papyrus and Ellangowan.

Papyrus might Upset Calculations.

Ellangowan has been on the easy list, but if he is fit on the day, then he is the right type for Sandown. He has the speed to hold a good place and the dash to finish with.

But if anything creates another break in this Astor monopoly it should be Papyrus. He did as badly in the Ascot Cup as I said he would, but he is a good one up to a mile and a half, and probably better still at the Eclipse distance.

But his Derby penalty means a 10 lb. concession beyond the weight-for-age scale to St. Germans, who has no "extra."

So if Papyrus does beat St. Germans our three-year-olds will receive a little more condemnation. Most of them seem to deserve it.

STABLES TO WATCH.

One or two stables which have not been in the limelight so far this season will be sending out winners soon.

If I had to take one that is most likely to pay to follow from now onwards it is the Terrace House establishment.

Reggie Day seldom gets really busy with his older horses until the late summer and the autumn, but he has then often had a succession of winners and at good prices too.

De Mestre also promises to play an important part in the period which commences with Goodwood. There are several horses in his charge who are capable of winning one or more of the important handicaps to come.

Three Derby Winners.

If you were told that a race had been arranged between the winners of the English, French, and German Derbys, you would go nap on Sansovino. So would I, but I am not sure that we should be on the winner.

All three races are run over the same distance, and it is rather interesting to compare the times in which they were run. The German Derby winner, a horse named Anmarsch, comes out an easy winner. He covered the mile and a half in the fast time of 2m. 36⅘s. This is good whatever the state of the going. Sansovino ploughed through the Epsom mud in 2m. 46⅗s. Last, and a bad last, is the Aga Khan's Pot Au Feu. He won the French Derby in just over 3m. This does not say much for the French three-year-olds.

The Newbury Cup Farce.

My selection for the Newbury Cup, Rugeley, did not run, and as I witnessed the start for the race I was very glad. It was a shocking affair. Baton Rouge won the race easily, and might have done so in any event, but several of the competitors never had a chance. Lauzun, through no fault of his own, was left about twenty lengths. A good starter is as necessary as a good judge.

Good 'Uns for Goodwood.

There have been enquiries at the clubs for a price about Caravel for the Stewards' Cup.

This colt was more than mildly fancied by the Manton people for the Hunt Cup, but a broken blood-vessel prevented the three-year-old from making any show in the race.

Caravel is quoted at 25 to 1 in the betting lists, but if he gets a weight which will satisfy his trainer and he comes satisfactorily through his preparation, he will be one of the short-priced ones on the day of the race.

I do not say that the Goodwood sprint is primarily the objective of Caravel, but I am sure he will win a good handicap some time this season.

Then there is Zoza for the Goodwood race. I shall be surprised if the Jevington filly is not strongly fancied on July 29.

She has been placed in four of her five races this season, and the stable has more than once put the money down.

Zoza was backed to beat Browside and others in a maiden race over a mile, but having watched her running closely I should say six furlongs is her best distance.

There is the prospect of some heavy betting over the Goodwood handicap this time, and a long price taken about Zoza now should lead to profitable hedging. She is 66 to 1.

The Seawater Cure.

Dale's home for infirm horses at Seaford is still going strong. I notice that two useful milers, Bart Snowball and Hunting Song, have been sent to him for his famous sea-water cure.

How to Tip Winners.

I have had my attention called to some remarkable tipping in one of the dailies for the Duke of Cambridge Handicap. The newspaper in question has a number of racing correspondents, and in addition, it gives a Newmarket Best and a Form Selection. Only eleven horses accepted for the handicap, and of those, six faced the starter. This popular daily tipped five of the six, and also gave two non-runners. Needless to say, they gave

Horses to Follow

Rosewood.—There was a persistent tip for this youngster at Newmarket. He ran well and finished fourth to Coral Wreath. It will pay to follow Rosewood.

King Willow.—This five-year-old, trained by Vasey, was injured recently when the Malton trainer's stables were broken into and the horses let loose. He recovered sufficiently to make all the running and win the Holm Hill H'cap at Carlisle. He will score again soon.

John Denis.—I made a special note of this three-year-old at Sandown Park when he was just beaten by the erratic Diameter. John Denis is a brother to Crowdennis and is also in Persse's stable. Never miss him.

Gay Comet.—Is very fit just now and should be backed for any engagement.

Foliac.—One thousand guineas was the price paid by Jack Jarvis for Foliac after he had won a selling handicap in which he had been entered to be sold for fifty pounds. This is a stiff price, and Jarvis has yet to get some of his purchase money back. Last time out Foliac just failed to beat Transcendent. He was my code selection and started at 100 to 8.

Gniocchi.—Stevens, the Rottingdean trainer, is a past-master in the art of "placing" his horses to win, and he should have no difficulty in finding a suitable race for this gelding. Gniocchi ran particularly well at Sandown Park.

Belsize.—If you want a long-shot for the Stewards' Cup risk a little on Bennett's Belsize. I have had a good word to say for this fine sprinter on more than one occasion. He has been out three times this year and has won all his races. One of them by six lengths and another by ten lengths.

Rosemullion.—Stanley Wootton trains this gelding by Torloisk. I was told that he would win at Sandown Park, but although well tipped—perhaps too well—he was not pulled out for the race. The two-year-old is one to follow.

The Haberdasher.—Is very fast from the gate and was not disgraced when he just failed to give a stone to Patras at Newcastle. He beat Soldennis and Arausio a few weeks ago, and is certain to win in the North again soon.

Youyou.—You are always sure of a good run for your money when you back this mare in a selling handicap. She is very genuine and likes the game.

Coventry.—Was beaten a head by my code selection, Vesper Bell, at Newmarket in a desperate finish. Several horses passed the judge almost in a line. Coventry is finding the form he displayed early on in the season and will soon be returned a winner.

Shambles.—Won at Newmarket as I predicted. He needs strong handling and in this instance received it. Jelliss rode.

Colla.—Was not disgraced when she failed to give seven pounds to Quirk, one of Wootton's best two-year-olds. Previously she ran second to another useful one, In Earnest.

Park Square.—This is one of several useful animals in M. Hartigan's stable, and when she is caught at her best she is certain to win a second-class sprint.

The Moy.—Cunliffe trains this stayer, who is on the up-grade. The gelding won very easily at Sandown.

Chang Chia.—Cottrill's youngster did not have the best of luck in the Exeter Sweepstake, and was pipped a head by Sun Worship colt. I should give Mrs. Sofer Whitburn's two-year-old another chance.

for Lord Astor?

opponents to St. Germans

Cockpit, the winner, and boomed "their selection" the following day!

It is difficult to find a daily paper nowadays which does not give half-a-dozen different selections, and even then they go wrong. I made a note of over one hundred and twenty tips given on the opening day at Newmarket. Two writers gave Puttenden which won at 5 to 2. Every other selection lost.

Runnymede Wins for the King.

I was very pleased to see Runnymede win the Newmarket July Stakes for His Majesty, particularly as I had mentioned in JOHN BULL after the colt's first appearance at Ascot that five furlongs was not far enough for him, and that he should be backed over six. The July Stakes is run over five furlongs one hundred and forty yards.

Archibald rode the 100 to 8 winner, and was congratulated by the King after the race. This is the first time the American jockey has scored in the Royal colours, and he seemed highly pleased. His unique record may have been responsible for his jubilation, for now he has ridden winners for the King of England, the King of Spain, and the Kaiser—before 1914, of course.

Mr. Bliss and the Cambridgeshire.

I am told Mr. Bliss is unlikely to race again until the Cambridgeshire, and that already a good jockey has been approached to ride this three-year-old.

The handicapper concerned is not likely to be lenient with Mr. Bliss, and I shall be interested to see how much extra the official puts on for the improvement Mr. Bliss is likely to have made between his last race and the end of October.

There is something appealing about the few horses that run to within a pound of their best form every time they get on to a course, and Mr. Bliss's record both as a two-year-old and a three-year-old is a standing reproach to about a couple of thousand other animals.

Linby's Successor.

When Linby is retired he will have a worthy successor in Diameter.

This pair are of the same kidney, very fast but troublesome at the gate. I do not think Linby has been beaten more than twice when he has got away on level terms with the others.

These brutes are a bugbear to punters, who, naturally, are afraid to back them and even more afraid not to do so.

The Jockeys' Championship.

The race for the jockeys' championship is the most exciting I can remember for some years. At the moment of writing Elliott has a lead of three over Smirke and young Bobbie Jones is close on the heels of the latter. It is Jones' chief ambition to head the list and I should like to see him do so.

Steve is still eleven behind the leader.

The jockey of the year is MacLachlan, Junior. He is not likely to head the poll, but he has the best percentage of winners of any of the knights of the pigskin. He has had one winner in every five mounts.

Follow Keror.

Keror is now a fully exposed animal, but he cannot be given any more weight than he has been carrying when next he is handicapped. He is consistent enough for those who have lost money over him to follow up and get their cash back and a profit as well.

It is a long way to the Cesarewitch, but when that event comes along, Keror will be one of half-a-dozen who will be backed at the longest possible price by the big men with the object of hedging.

Skull Caps at Last.

The Stewards of the National Hunt Committee are holding a meeting this month to consider a new rule which will make it essential for every jockey to wear a skull cap. It is about time the order came into force, and we shall only be following in the footsteps of the States and the Colonies. Last year was the worst on record for serious accidents.

PADDOCK PARS.

The result of the Grand Prix—Transvall, 121 to 1 against—makes me sigh for the Pari-Mutuel.

* * *

Coramond, the only English horse to compete in the Grand Prix, finished fourth, but was not half a length away from the winner. Sansovino, Tom Pinch, and Hurstwood were amongst those who paid forfeit. The race was a gift for any one of them.

* * *

Mr. Solly Joel gave 2,500 guineas for Prompt a few days before she won at Newmarket.

* * *

When the late Mr. Bower Ismay's horses are sold this month there will be some keen bidding for Heverswood. This colt has only been out once this year, when he gave Stanhope over 2 st. and a beating.

* * *

Backers of favourites came a cropper at Newmarket on the opening day. Every one slipped up.

* * *

Was the Aga Khan dissatisfied with the way Hulme handled Diophon in the Derby? No reason has been given for the popular jockey leaving the Whatcombe stable.

"SILVER RING."

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

Bibury, Wednesday.
EAST TOR, ACRE.

Thursday.
NEIL DAY, ALIGNMENT.

Pontefract, Wednesday.
SHINGLED, PILLORY.

Thursday.
BOSSOVER, FULNECK.

Lingfield, Friday.
THE MOY, HAND FROM HEAVEN.

Saturday.
ROSEWOOD, GLASTONBURY.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

Two Coded selections will be given daily in the following papers:—

Sporting Life, Sheffield Early Bird, Glasgow Noon Record, Sporting Man, Birmingham Sporting Buff, Sporting Pink, Portsmouth Sporting Mail, Liverpool Sports Express, Mid-day Sporting Special, Bristol Times and Mirror, Cork Examiner, Aberdeen Sporting Express, Western Mail, Irish Independent, The Irish News, Sporting Chronicle and Chronicle Midday (Manchester).

O A 2 J H Y F T 8 N M U P S

K Z E B C D Q G L I W X R V

How to read the code:—In place of the letters or figures advertised in the daily papers read those above or below the line, as the case may be.

R Z P W 2 I N K would read PARMENIO.

This code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from July 9 to July 15, inclusive.

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There seems to be no limit to the ideas adopted by cigarette manufacturers to encourage more smoking. We learn now that for 200 coupons from packets of "Black Cat" Cigarettes one can obtain a Kodak (guaranteed made by the Kodak Co.).

Fancy! A Kodak for your summer holiday—free! You should start saving the coupons now.

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Our Letter Parliament

Have We Failed Christ?

Readers Air their Views on This and Other Subjects

The World's Need.

Your article, "Wanted: a Man," reminds us of the amazingly lamentable condition of the world to-day in its relation to Christianity. When our leading divines admit they are powerless to offer any specific for our national, social, and moral evils, it is time to adandon hope, for it is Christianity only that must save the world. Would a Luther, Knox, Wesley, or Booth, have wasted their time discussing the morality of raffles and competitions, whilst the world was wallowing in crime, selfishness and greed, and rushing headlong for destruction?—*R. R. Oldham.*

People at Fault?

I cannot agree with you that the Church is out of touch with the people. Is it not that the people are out of touch with the Church?—a vastly different thing. The people have failed Christ; that is why they are so intolerant of His teachings and of His ministers. I do agree with you that the Christian principles could help us to-day. But we ignore them and go gaily—or sadly—on our way.—*Mrs. Proctor, Leeds.*

Lost Opportunity.

You are right. The Church has missed its greatest opportunity, and is now almost completely out of touch with the people. These are days when a man strong enough to preach the doctrines of Christ might solve many of the problems of the world. But our ministers and parsons are blind to the times, and are wrapped up in the old catch-phrases that mean little or nothing to a troubled humanity.—*F. L., Birmingham.*

Church Lacks Kindness.

In attempting to make the organised church face-up to its responsibilities JOHN BULL is rendering a great service. On the question of clergymen's wages the Church can surely be judged. What claim can it possibly have to the support of really good people if the essential element of human kindness is so obviously lacking? Until its morality transcends that of ordinary everyday business, it were better to close its doors.—*W.P., Lancs.*

God in the Background.

I do not think it fair to blame the ministers of Christ because they do not come forward. How many of the unemployed—or anyone for that matter—feel the need of Christ? They all know of His love and sacrifice, but not many take His name on their lips except to blaspheme! No wonder the world is in such a terrible state. God is put in the background; He is not materialistic enough for the youth of to-day. Don't blame the clergy, but wake up the people, and let each man and woman pray, and teach their children to reverence the name of God.—*E. Baxter, Sheffield.*

Man's Inhumanity.

Your article fairly hits the nail on the head. A little more of the ideal of "sell what thou hast and give to the poor" would ease the present conditions a good deal. So long as men's idea in business is: "How much can I get out of it?" instead of: "How much can I put into it, or give to it?" just so long will there be disputes, strikes, lock-outs and ever increasing unrest. Unless the principle of the teaching of Jesus is introduced into business, universally, there will be an upheaval such as the world has never yet seen. Robbie Burns wasn't far wrong when he wrote "Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."—*Adam S. McLarty Holywood, Ireland.*

Brief to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

No Beatings for Babies.

Your correspondent, "Regular Reader, Oldham," has floundered hopelessly. He contends that deprivation of the freedom of the children of to-day, and the unceasing wielding of a cane, will solve sex problems. Has he ever seen the effect produced in after years on children who have misbehaved? The beating of a child is what a beast resorts to, when he has lost control of himself!—*Anne Clifford, Croylon.*

Brighter Public-houses.

The reform of the public-house system is now long overdue. Undoubtedly, the present system is giving the "pussy-foots" wonderful opportunity to carry forward their aims. Prohibitionists do not wish to see any improvement, such as the "Public-house Improvement" Bill would provide. Such a Bill would snatch from their hands the very weapon which they have used so relentlessly. It is the duty of brewers, licensed victuallers, and the public to support Lord Lamington's Bill.—*Joseph Smith, Northampton.*

Fascisti All Right!

The British Fascisti are, I understand, "down" on Communism, the "dope" trade and the white slave traffic. Their members pay no subscription, consequently the organisers cannot be accused of manufacturing remunerative jobs for themselves. They appear to be a body of patriots whose only fault is a desire to take a hand in protecting their womenfolk and keeping Britain free from revolutionary organisations financed from abroad. Surely they deserve honest and constructive criticism rather than to be held up to ridicule. I have a high opinion of the impartiality of JOHN BULL'S judgment, and know you will not resent an honest expression of opinion.—*James G. Dickson, London, S.W.12.*

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"DIXON HAWKE LIBRARY":—"The storm still raged, the DARKNESS WAS IMPENETRABLE, and a GLANCE AT MY WATCH told me that night must have fallen."

"SUNDAY CHRONICLE" (Story):—"'You ought to go down on your knees, my good girl, and thank the Lord for your bonny BLUE eyes.' She jerked open the door, her BLACK eyes blazing with anger."

"HERTFORDSHIRE MERCURY":—"A long night dance was given on Whit-Monday night, and was attended by a company of 150, who danced FROM 1 TILL AFTER 1 A.M."

"CHAMPION":—"He had procured a THERMOS FLASK, and filled it with hot coffee, HALF-A-DOZEN HARD-BOILED EGGS, SOME LUMPS OF CAKE and other things."

"THE RAINBOW":—"He ran FORWARD with a cry, to Maisie, who was scouting on the other side of the path A LITTLE WAY BEHIND.

Land for the People.

The article "Your Acre and a Cow" is right. The way in which the arable lands of England are neglected is simply suicidal. Were the rearing of stock substituted by the culture of vegetables, cereals, fruits and salads, we could easily feed a population of 100 millions, and the whole of the £60,000,000 spent on foreign food could be turned to other objects. More than this, people would be all the healthier, and certainly far freer from disease by the consumption of pure food.—*E. E. M., Brighton.*

The Man's Job.

Less mothers' and babies' lives in jeopardy would be the case if husbands realised their wives need care before the birth of children. It is then so much harm is done to both. Men expect women to be cooks, housemaids, mothers and much beside, when they marry, no matter what their previous work has been. Surely a woman can reasonably expect a man to know how to be a helpful husband and father, and not merely a wage bringer.—"*Middle class Mother.*"

Classify Murders!

There are many degrees of murder, from cold-blooded long-calculated brutal slaying, to the sudden insane frenzied crime caused by exceptional circumstances. Any average man can commit murder, given great provocation. Surely cause and effect could be studied to classify the offence, and the death sentence abolished in cases which deserved clemency. Four or six groupings of murder could be instituted, each carrying its maximum and minimum punishment. To treat each and every case alike, as at present, reminds one of the ignorant, indiscriminate law of the jungle savage.—*E. Sumner.*

Deadly Dope Traffic.

You have undoubtedly revealed the worst and most degrading traffic known to mankind—that of cocaine and other drug smuggling. It is only too true that foreigners are the cause of this undermining of the health of men and women (unfortunately more of the latter). Very little attention is paid to the ordinary foreign seaman who finds it an easy matter to enter this country with very little interference. Amongst these ranks we find the drug agents, and it is a matter for the Harbour and Dock Police to keep a vigilant eye on this type of man.—*Albert Webb, Hammersmith.*

Back to the Stage Coach.

When will the G.P.O. wake up to the fact that, thanks to its labour economy, week-end mails are probably slower now than at any time since the introduction of the locomotive? Letters posted in London suburbs late Friday night ought surely to catch a morning mail and be delivered in Lancashire on Saturday evening. Mine regularly turns up on Monday mornings. Thus letters sent, say, 250 miles take sixty hours, which is only pedestrian rate; and the cost is 50 per cent. up on 1840!—*Timid Lover.*

Seaside Flirtations.

Sharks and sharps are constantly busy at popular holiday resorts, and it is well it should be remembered that many respectable girls have had health and happiness destroyed by a little flirtation with a well-dressed, pleasantly spoken and seemingly gentlemanly visitor at the boarding-house at which they have stayed. These cunning rascals scheme to obtain letters from innocent girls, and read into them a meaning the writer never intended. Then they compel her to pay a price which has made some girls prefer death.—*A Victim.*

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They were glad to pay—and why? Because, as you will find if you accept the month's trial offered without prepayment, Vitæ-Ore makes an unmistakable difference to those who take it as a tasteless beverage with meals. Within a day or two there is a delightful sense of new vigour and well-being. The very springs of life are renewed by this purified residue of what must have been a healing spring greater than Vichy, Carlsbad, Aix, Bath, Harrogate or any of the mineral springs which the wealthy spend hundreds of pounds to drink. Without a grain of any drug—with nothing but the new strength and vitality that Vitæ-Ore gives—thousands who once suffered without hope from the most obstinate of chronic diseases cured themselves. They had but one thing to do—to use Vitæ-Ore instead of water with their meals. With no more trouble than this they grew well and vigorous again. Though it tastes like mere water, one effect of Vitæ-Ore is to purify and enrich every drop of blood in the veins, and make new, red blood for the bloodless, the anæmic, the dyspeptic, the tired, breathless and languid. This effect is wonderful and never fails to be observed.

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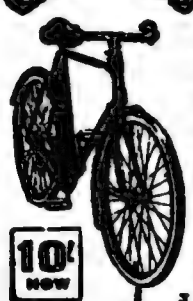

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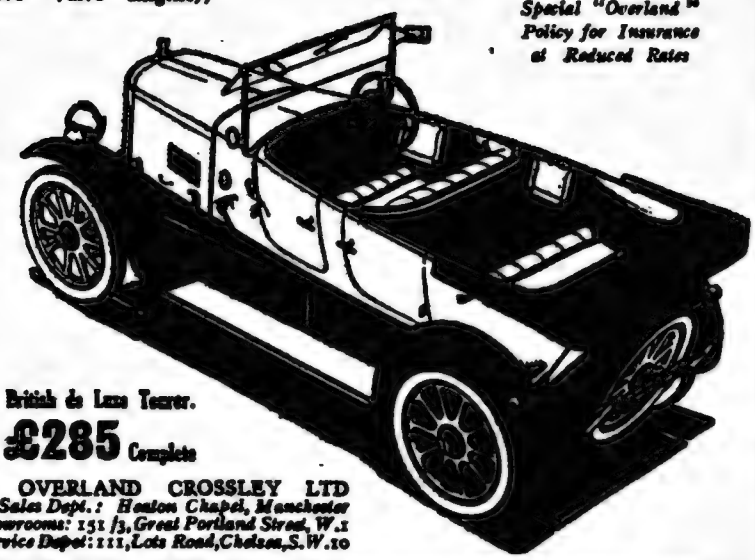

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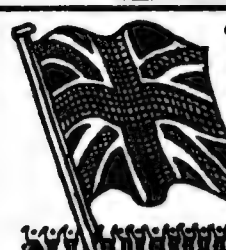

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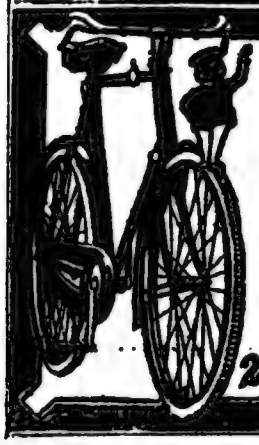

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In ordering state what Sauce, small or large, square or round.

Motoring for the Million

Tax Carts!

by MOTOMAC

AT long last the Committee for motor taxation has issued its report. Their deliberations as far as one can tell have resulted in nothing, or at least nothing of importance. What a waste of time and effort, but little else could be expected, for in Britain the Government has always looked upon the motor as a thing to be discouraged.

In its infancy, a danger signal heralded its approach to warn all and sundry of its dangers. In adolescence, its development has been retarded by the most ridiculous system of taxation that the wit of man could devise. We pay according to our horse-power rating, but the rating has absolutely no relation to the power. The system is not only wrong but fraudulent.

An Alvis, according to the measure of its cylinder, is rated at 12 h.p. and pays £12 tax. It develops with comparative ease 24 h.p. A Ford, with a bigger bore and a shorter stroke is called 23 h.p., and probably develops less than the Alvis, but pays £23 tax.

There is no justice in the system.

If the Government really believe in reducing unemployment, let them abolish the h.p. tax, without thinking of an alternative, and then watch the growth of the industry.

IT will come all right, for the annual fine is one of the real snags for many a would-be motorist. On cycles too. Any week-end round our great towns sees cyclists in shoals. A push-bike can be pushed for ever, and no tax collector will ever say nay, but use a little petrol to push it along, and you have to pay for the privilege. A registration fee may be necessary to enable the policeman to take note of any law-breaker, but there is no more justification for a tax on motors than for a tax on *carts*.

The motorist is largely to blame. He has always tacitly agreed that he is performing an unsocial act which carries with it a penalty, and until he takes an opposite view, he has little right to grumble at Committees who agree with him.

The whole discussion has been method of taxation, never abolition of taxation; some, more progressive, have called for reduced taxes. They might have received some consideration had they claimed exemption, but we are by nature modest.

We do not even protest when we have to swim through tar on which has been spread specially sharpened flints all pointing upwards, although it is freely admitted that the method is obsolete and expensive.

Bitumen compounds, of which there are many, make a better and more lasting surface, but it is again taken for granted that the mere motorist has no influence on local or County Councils. I will never again vote for a Councillor who has not sufficient imagination to see that the cool evening run in June is hopelessly marred, tarred I mean, by his utter lack of consideration.

For particulars of new cars and accessories fill in details and address to "Motomac," "John Bull," 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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ADDRESS .....

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Information desired.....

MORRIS MOTORS LTD

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PRICES:
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THE REAL COST OF MOTORING

¶ DEPRECIATION, Repair-bills, Petrol-consumption, Taxation—these make up the Real Cost of Motoring. *Not* just the price of the car when you buy it.

¶ YOU buy a Car to Keep—not for a year but for a lifetime. The few extra pounds you pay when you buy a Morris in preference to a cheap imported car are repaid to you over and over again in Morris economy, Morris reliability, Morris efficiency.

¶ REMEMBER—the repeal of the McKenna Duties may bring about a slight reduction in the prices of foreign cars, but their high running cost, high taxation and heavy depreciation will remain the same. The buyer will not get anything like the full benefit of the removal of the 33⅓ per cent. duty.

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Just a little Gre-Solvent on a damp cloth cleans greasy pans and enamelled ware instantly and makes them shine like new. Far easier to use than soap and scrubbing brushes and much more effective. It does not spoil your hands but leaves them soft, white and clean.

GRE-SOLVENT

MILES AHEAD OF SOAP

John Bull's Letter Bag

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious, and he wants you to see it in this light. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note and take his leave with a smile. Serious questions are handled by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service. *See page* 21.

H. K. (Trent Valley).—"To my mind, marriage is no conjure." Yet some say that it is a great illusion.

F. O. (Chorley Wood).—"Most boys take after their father." But a good many fathers don't leave anything to take.

F. J. (Cowes).—"My little boy wants to take up electricity because he thinks it is simple." Very likely he will get a shock.

P. Y. (S.W. 7).—"Parliament will not allow the matter to rest there." Every inch of room being occupied by sleepers already.

H. N. M. (Croydon).—"Sometimes I think you're just a bit too blunt." Would you like us better if we were sharp?

"IDEALIST" (Bath).—"Exchange of service is a principle I swear by." The service of our Exchanges is a thing we swear at.

G. E. M. (York).—"I know what one sneeze and two sneezes and three sneezes mean, but what do four sneezes mean?" Hay-fever.

E. B. (Watford).—"You nearly always find that people who bet are fast." And you nearly always find that the horses they bet on are not.

TIBBY (Lowestoft).—"The people who don't get holidays are those who don't get much money." Consequently, they don't get much change.

W. Q. (Chertsey).—"Do you think there is a future better life?" Yes, we do, but we prefer to devote our attention to trying to make the present life better.

M. C. (Hellifield).—"The successful politician must necessarily look after the national cupboard." And may find himself in the Cabinet as a result.

K. P. (Taplow).—"Cricket was very picturesque when the players wore top hats." But it is far more interesting now with our present-day bowlers.

J. M. (Farnham).—"I am quite anxious to take up the fiddle." The chances are that somebody else may be just as anxious for you to put it down again.

G. E. M. (Manchester).—"I don't believe in schools for children." We are rather inclined to agree with you. The most urgent need is schools for parents.

E. F. (Tonbridge).—"England must keep its wicket up if it wants to score goals." How true! Unless the boat's steady, we'll never hole out and secure a bull!

F. G. F. (Bedford).—"Believe me, the husband has the worst of the bargain." We do believe you. The wife can get away from him sometimes, but he himself never can.

M. R. (Luton).—"I never eat meat in the summer time." Then we can't pick a bone with you.

B. R. (Bristol).—"I object to my young man calling me a 'little duck.'" Don't be a silly goose.

D. R. (Chatham).—"We must take the political extremists as we find them." We'd very much prefer to lose them.

P. M. C. (Swindon).—"I have just had a suit turned." 'Tush! that's nothing. We've just had an umbrella *re*-turned.

G. P. Y. (Manchester).—"Recent statistics prove that there are 18,000 lunatics in London." And the rest of the population is very dense.

E. G. A. (Ilford). —"Apparently some husbands expect their wives to be human sewing machines." Quite a lot of them imagine themselves Singers, anyhow.

M. G. K. (Leeds).—"Flat racing doesn't make the same appeal to sporting women that hurdling does." Naturally! Most women take a considerable interest in jumpers.

C. D. G. (Rushden).—"Wireless doesn't seem to be so popular among the ladies as it was at first." Perhaps they can't stand not being able to get in the last word.

W. B. R. (Manor Park).—"Do people who live on water have the best sight?" We believe they see better, but they do not see as much as do those who live on something stronger.

A. M. S. (Kensington).—"My own view, sir, is that nothing is as bad as it is painted." Try a newly-painted seat in the park. Then your own view will alter materially.

Miss W. (Hornsey).—"My whole family is against me because I want to be married at a Registry office." Never mind—if you can tide over this crisis, you'll be tied over subsequent ones.

R. W. (Mansfield).—"I don't know which of us will lose his job first—my brother or myself. But we try and keep smiling." You *must* be sportsmen to smile in such a Sack Race.

D. E. G. (Wimbledon).—"If my neighbour's dog bites a bit out of my trousers, what's my redress?" Another pair of trousers—particularly if the bit has been taken out of an awkward place.

D. A. (Birmingham).—"British actors will never go on strike." We're afraid not.

F. F. (Victoria).—"Is the rodeo cruel?" Opinions differ. But the radio sometimes is.

T. E. P. (Osterley).—"Thirteen Judges recently tried one case." That works out at less than a bottle each.

A. G. (Condover).—"At very few drapery stores now is 'living in' general." Then "living in" is dying out.

W. V. (Amersham).—"I am dark and my fiancé says he likes blondes." Are you dyeing to please him?

C. P. T. (Pitsea).—"Out of twelve chicks, nine have turned out cocks." Then *you've* nothing to crow about.

G. K. (St. Pancras).—"I find life is full of interest." We fancy you've been answering one of those seductive money-lending circulars.

R. G. A. (Killewin).—"Who wants music at mealtimes, anyhow?" We should imagine the musicians are rather partial to it for a start.

G. D. (London, S.W.).—"I am paying four guineas a week for two small rooms on the third floor." A flat seems an appropriate place for you.

R. G. (Hyde Park Gardens).—"The last burglar we had in our street came down the rainpipe." And the jewels he stole went up the spout.

Hilda T. (Southend).—"I made the biggest catch of the season from the end of the pier." Have you fixed the date for the happy event yet?

L. D. C. (Glasgow).—"Waiters are highly skilled." We noticed one recently testing the temperature of a plate of soup merely by inserting his thumb in it.

G. H. (Wilton).—"Parents are too soft-hearted these days." We have heard of an indulgent father who frequently gives his son a good chamois leathering.

L. D. (Bradford).—"Three members of the British Communist Party have arrived at Moscow for the Congress of the Communist Internationale." But the trouble is they are coming back.

V. B. (Harrow).—"The only way to enjoy Wembley properly is to go all by oneself." It's an attractive notion, but the difficulty is to keep all the other hundreds of thousands of people away.

LETTERS requiring a postal reply must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. Documents should bear sufficient postage for return. Anonymous correspondents ignored. Names and addresses of writers are essential as a guarantee of good faith.

E. T. (Hornsey).—"What I say is, 'Labour must come off the fence.'" That's the stile!

B. V. D. (Lavant).—"Find me a wife and I'm happy." Marry you to her and you're . . . married.

C. C. S. (Netley).—"Labour is quite at home at Westminster." But occasionally it is quite at sea at politics.

WM. B. (Wragby).—"Hard and fast rules are undesirable." So are fast and loose principles which rule undesirables.

MARY (Aberdeen).—"If I won the *Bullets* £1,500 I'd feel like kissing the staff"—And we'd feel like paying your fare.

P. Y. R. (Tilehurst).—"I shall get my reward in the end." Or possibly in the area between the head and shoulders.

B. K. Y. (Preston).—"Mr. G. B. Shaw has been asked to write an opera." There is no immediate cause for anxiety. He may refuse.

L. P. (Kensington).—"I have a perfect mania for picking up bargains." Be careful—the police have a perfect "maria" for picking up such people.

"GO-AHEAD" (Barrow).—"The successful man perseveres and lets nothing stand in his way." He sticks at nothing, while the other fellow sticks to nothing.

S. S. (Needham).—"My sweetheart was annoyed because I went to the pictures with her without having shaved." We expect the poor girl had a rough time.

S. G. (Barnet).—"I practise on my saxophone for three hours every evening." Doubtless your neighbours are saying that you should go far with your instrument.

J. P. T. (Kirkstall).—"I have given you a few examples—I have hundreds more." Unfortunately we do not run either a depository or a waste-paper factory.

B. D. L. (Clapham).—"A man is at perfect liberty to marry as many times as he likes." Oh, yes. But if he commits bigamy he'll not be at perfect liberty for long.

S. G. (Putney).—"Owing to the shortage of men some girls will snap up any sort of a husband if they get a chance." And snap at him for ever afterwards.

F. G. (Upton Park).—"I don't want a Committee to tell me what to do." On the evidence before us, we are inclined to agree that a keeper would be more suitable.

S. P. (Alford).—"My canary has the sweetest trills I ever heard, and is very intelligent." There is a bird in a cage at our teashop and she changes notes all day without a mistake.

W. S. (Mayfair).—"The latest hobby for Society girls is caning the seats of chairs." This should be valuable training for later on when proficiency in maternal correction may be necessary.

J. R. T. (Llanellyd).—"The conductor's cat was present on the stage during the poetical competitions at the Eisteddfod here last week." No doubt she felt that the "Mews" should be represented.

(*Many replies unavoidably held over.*)

Straight from the Shoulder

SIR LEONARD LYLE:—Parliamentary work is becoming a whole-time job.

It always was, only self-centred politicians failed to see it.

* * *

RAMSAY MACDONALD:—The laws of economics cannot be re-created by Governments.

But Governments can make sure that spurious imitations do not masquerade as laws.

* * *

MR. LEACH:—I cannot say that no bombing has taken place.

Some time ago you stated that the policy of bombing Arabs was to cease.

* * *

J. H. THOMAS:—There is nothing more dangerous than the doctrine of class hatred.

Except the doctrine of class legislation.

MR. MILLS:—Labour has at last pricked the bubble that they are unfit to govern.

Labour has also pricked the bubble of its own election promises.

* * *

MR. SNOWDEN:—The Government is not going to resign except on a vote of want of confidence.

Bland indifference to defeat will not pass muster for legislative ability.

* * *

J. H. CLYNES:—Something ought to be done about the music for the "Red Flag."

Something ought to be done to it.

* * *

BISHOP TAYLOR SMITH:—The housing question has always been a difficulty . . . but it will finish in Heaven.

And then you wonder why people don't go to church!

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Consisting of real Gold and Diamond Jewellery, including the famous "SAPHARA" PEARLS, acknowledged by experts to be the most pertect reproduction. "NEW-PIN" and "BRITOLIC" SOAPS are the unbeatable sister soaps. Everything they touch is made as clean as a new pin. "BRITOLIC" is the finest health soap. If you are not saving your Coupons: START SAVING THEM NOW, because every coupon counts and brings you a beautiful present. None of our FREE GIFTS bear any advertising matter whatsoever. They are exactly as sold at jewellers and silversmiths.

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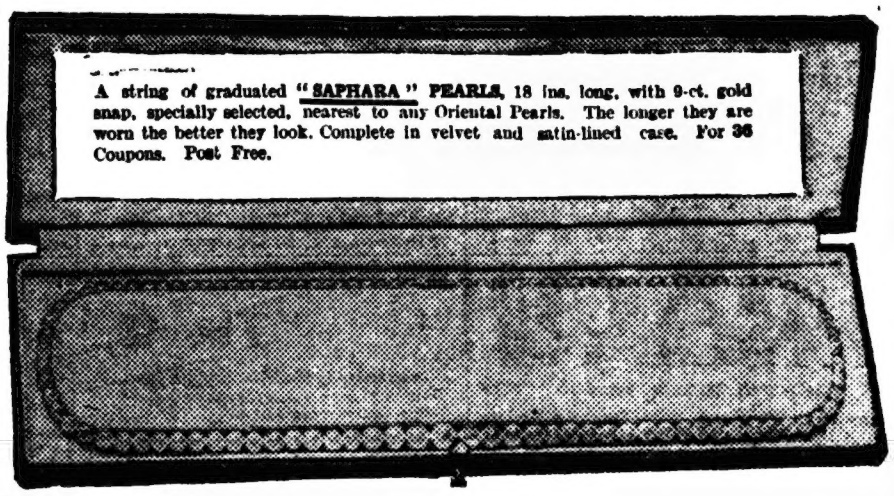
WRIST WATCH, with expanding Bracelet. A heavy gift wrist watch with hinged expanding bracelet, patent safety snap, will fit any wrist. French design. Splendid timekeeper. For 72 Coupons. Post Free.



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A beautiful **WRIST WATCH** Excellent timekeeper, French design, Gravure dial, to veiled glass. Mounted on a Moire band, with patent snap. For 72 Coupons. Post Free.

A. 9-ct. solid Gold Hall-marked **GENT'S SIGNET RING.** Also in sizes suitable for ladies. For 60 Coupons. Post Free.

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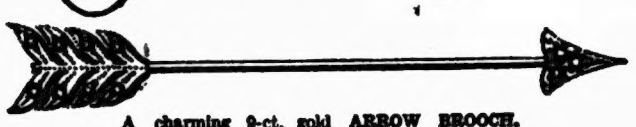

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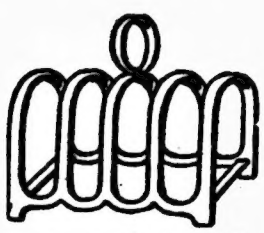

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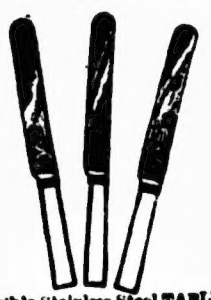
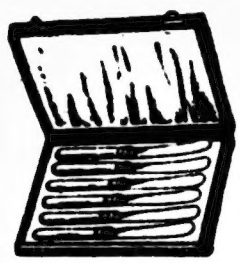
Splendid 3-cup **EGG STAND,** beautifully made in E.P.N.S. and Silver-plated, including 3 **EGG SPOONS.** For 45 Coupons. Post Free.

An exquisitely designed **SUGAR BASIN** with blue hygienic liner, together with **SIFTER,** all made in E.P.N.S. and Silver-plated, very useful for any table. For 25 Coupons. Post Free.

One pair (one knife and one fork) of beautiful E.P.N.S. Silver-plated **FISH KNIVES & FORKS.** For 12 Coupons. Or 3 pairs (three knives and three forks). For 35 Coupons. Post Free.



Firth's Stainless Steel **TABLE KNIVES** with Ivorine Handles. 1 Knife for 25 Coupons. 3 Knives for 70 Coupons. 6 Knives for 125 Coupons. Post Free.



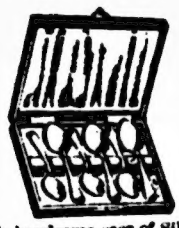
This handsome case of Silver plated E.P.N.S. 6 **TEA KNIVES.** For 36 Coupons. Post Free.

This exquisite Silver-plated E.P.N.S. **JAM** or **BUTTER DISH.** For 24 Coupons. Post Free.

This delightful Silver-plated E.P.N.S. (small size) **SALTCELLAR & SPOON,** with blue hygienic lining. For 8 Coupons. Post Free.

This elegant Silver-plated E.P.N.S. **SWEET DISH.** For 20 Coupons. Post Free

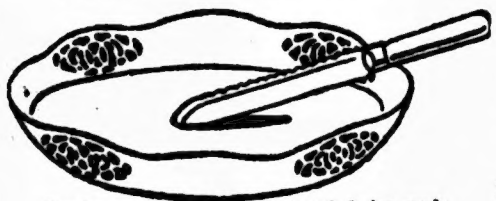
This charming Silver-plated E.P.N.S. **BISCUIT STAND.** For 24 Coupons. Post Free.



This handsome case of Silver-plated E.P.N.S. 6 **TEA-SPOONS.** For 30 Coupons. Post Free.

Three of these lovely Silver-plated E.P.N.S. **TABLE SPOONS** For 20 Coupons. Post Free.

Three of these beautiful Silver-plated E.P.N.S. **TABLE FORKS.** For 20 Coupons. Post Free.

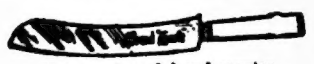


Handsome **CAKE BASKET,** pierced design, made in E.P.N.S. and Silver-plated, measuring about 28 ins. in circumference, together with E.P.N.S. Silver-plated **CAKE KNIFE** with Ivorine handle, measuring 9½ ins. in length For 50 Coupons. Post Free.

This beautiful **PUFF BOX,** mounted in gravure pattern on E.P.N.S. Silver-plated with synthetic tortoiseshell lid. For 25 Coupons. Post Free.

This delightful **HAIR TIDY,** mounted in gravure pattern on E.P.N.S. Silver-plated with synthetic tortoiseshell top. For 25 Coupons. Post Free.

This beautiful **SILVER-PLATED** E.P.N.S. **CAKE KNIFE,** with Saw Back. For 15 Coupons. Post Free.



This most useful and serviceable Sheffield Steel **BREAD KNIFE,** with Ivorine handle For 25 Coupons. Post Free.

DON'T DESTROY THIS AS IT IS WORTH

VOUCHER for 3 FREE COUPONS

This Free Voucher should be sent together with your [illegible] to Miss NEW-PIN, Wilmington, Hull. Write your name & address clearly & fill in details [illegible] require on a [illegible] Only one of these Free Coupons will be accepted with each Application.

J.B. July 12.

JUNO

1/10 WEEKLY

CASH PRICE from £2/19/6

A small sum you can easily afford secures a magnificent British-made "JUNO" BABY CAR, sent carriage paid on approval. Guaranteed by our 46 years' reputation. Money returned if dissatisfied. Buy direct from Factory and save money. Write for

FREE LIST NOW!

(Dept. D3)

Metropolitan Mechanists Co., Ltd., 168 & 248, Bishopsgate, LONDON, E.C.2

FREE BOOK OF 3,000 BARGAINS

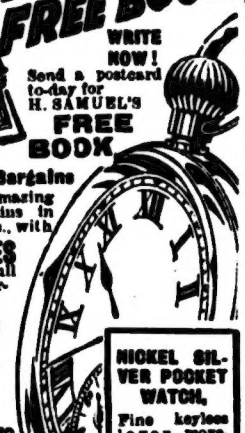
GET THE FACTORY'S FREE BOOK

WRITE NOW!

Send a postcard to-day for H. SAMUEL'S FREE BOOK of 3,000 Bargains

It's packed with amazing Factory Price Bargains in Jewellery, Watches, etc., with list of splendid FREE PRIZES for all buyers. A full month's trial any purchase.

Diamond half hoop 18-ct. gold mount. 39/6



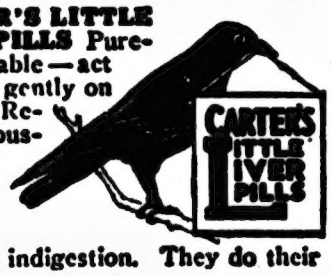
NICKEL SILVER POCKET WATCH. Fine keyless lever movement. 12 months' warranty. Splendid timekeeper. 10/6

H. SAMUEL, LTD. 190, MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

Wretchedness OF Constipation

Can Be Quickly Overcome by

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Purely vegetable—act sure and gently on the liver. Relieve biliousness, headache, dizziness and indigestion. They do their duty.



Small Pill—Small Dose—Small Price

RHEUMATISM

Made His Life MISERABLE

URACE CURED HIM.

236, London Rd., Dover.

Dear Sirs.—I would like you to know what a lot of good Urace Tablets have done my son. He suffered terribly with Rheumatism in his feet, making his life miserable. He cried with pain when taking off or putting on his boots. I thought I would try Urace; the result seems impossible, for he never complains now.

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. E. Bushell.

RHEUMATISM CURED

WITH TWO BOXES OF URACE.

112, Bonaccord Street, Aberdeen.

Dear Sir,—After being unable to dance for the last two months through rheumatism in my feet, I tried your "Urace" and it has worked wonders. I am as light on my feet as a fairy and dancing as good as ever, so every body tells me. I bought one 1/3 box in Aberdeen and one 5/- box in Coatbridge, and all I can say is that URACE for the RHEUMATIC RACE is "IT."

W. H. Smart.

URACE, and URACE alone, can cure Rheumatism. It directly attacks the cause—uric acid—dissolves and expels it from the system and prevents its reappearance. That is why it CURES, and CURES QUICKLY.

1/3, 3/- & 5/- per box

From Boots (600 Branches), Timothy White Co., Taylor's, Selfridge's, Whiteley's, Harrods and all Chemists and Stores, or direct for remittance from the URACE Laboratories, Dept. 75, 82, St. Thomas's Street, London, S.E.1.

URACE TABLETS

THE ACKNOWLEDGED REMEDY FOR

Neuralgia, Lumbago, Gout, Cramp, Rheumatism, Backache, Nerve Pains, Kidney Trouble, Sciatica, etc.

WORN OUT BY WORRY.

How it Affects the Nervous System.

Worry and anxiety have most harmful effects upon the nervous system, and unless care is taken neurasthenia is likely to develop. If you are worried and nervy, get irritable and depressed, if you cannot sleep, take heed. You must nourish your nerves with the food they need—rich new blood. Nothing so surely renews the supply of strong red blood as Dr. Williams' pink pills.

Read what Mrs. A. Biddulph, of 18, Peel Street, Stafford, says:—"Two years ago I had a very serious illness. The doctor told me I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown. For months I was treated, but medicine seemed to do no good. The low, sinking depressed feeling continued, and I suffered from severe headaches. I was advised to try Dr. Williams' pink pills, and doing so, I felt the benefit right from using the first box. I continued with them, and soon the headaches and depression disappeared. These pills gave me a new lease of life, and now I am quite well."

So begin Dr. Williams' pink pills now, of all chemists, 3s. 0d. per box.

FREE.—All sufferers should read "The Nerves and Their Needs." Send a postcard to F.C., Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W. 1, for a copy.

Meltis CHOCOLATES

2d. Chocolate Marshmallows

A very delicious Confection

THE LUCK OF THE NINTH

Little Gifts That Bring Good Fortune

OUR postbag during the past week has contained abundant evidence of the mysterious magic of good fortune which follows those who unselfishly give a "Ninth" of their ready money to the poor, as explained in the old Eastern legend which we recently retold.

The recurring "Ninths" in our "Greatest of These—" acknowledgements are in themselves tokens of the blessings which have been showered upon the senders, for they indicate in many instances that readers have been so impressed by their good luck since they sent their first "Ninth" that they have made it a weekly thankoffering, and their good fortune has not forsaken them.

SOME of our readers who only occasionally indulge in a little gamble on the Turf send us a "Ninth" of their wagers. The frequency with which they follow it up with a "Ninth" of their winnings seems to show that the magic of the number may even prove effective amid the "glorious uncertainty" of racing. Sansovino, for instance, not only put money in the pockets of many backers by winning the Derby, but gladdened many poor despairing souls who were assisted out of their difficulties by contributions sent in this way. The practice of sending a "Ninth" of their wagers is one which we should like to see more of our sporting readers adopt.

Here are a few extracts from letters received from contributors of "Ninths."

"After four and a half months have commenced work, so will again send my 'Ninths' to your Fund."

"I was greatly struck by your suggestion that one should give one's 'Ninth' to the needy. Fate has really been kind to me recently in giving back to me someone whom I thought I had lost."

"Am enclosing a 'Ninth' as a small token of thanks for my good fortune. I often grumble at my own troubles, but your paper always reminds me that things could be worse."

"I shall do my best to send a 'Ninth' every week. I am happy and am going to be married, so I would like others to be happy."

"I wish I had known of the 'Ninth' before. Good luck to the one whom my 'Ninth' helps, and good luck to the promoters of the Fund."

"Herewith 5s., being a 'Ninth' of a piece of luck I had to-day."

SEVERAL readers enquire whether small sums may be sent in stamps. Yes, certainly. Large or small, send us your "Ninths," and in blessing others be blessed yourselves.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

"The Servant in the Gutter," £1 1s.; "Melton Mowbray," 2s.; T. S. (Mansfield), 5s.; "Jackie H." (Abertillery), 6d.; "A British Mother," 6d.; "Help the Poor," 2d.; Anon., 6d.; W. H., 6d.; E. A. L., 2s.; E. W. (Reading), 6d.; F. H., 6d.; "Ucalite," 6d.; R. L. (Fife), 4d.; E. H., 1s.; "Richdick," 10d.; C. H. W., 1s. 6d.; A. B. (Tidworth), 1s.; M. H. (Leicester), 1s.; A. W. B. (Worcester), 2s.; Mrs. R. B. (Bristol), 1s.; G. S. (Fife), 1s.; "Every Little Helps," 2s. 6d.; J. N. S., 2½d.; "One Who's Had Some," 6d.; Anon., 1s.; "Bonzo," 9d.; H. B., 6d.; "Yours Truly," 2s.; "Mite," 5s.; E. P. (Liverpool), 1s.; J. M. (Letchworth), 2s. 6d.; G. M. (Chelsea), 3s.; "Paul's Weekly Ninth," 2s.; H. E. M. (Barnstaple), 1s. 1d.; "X.," 5s.; M. E. H., 1s. 6d.; Mrs. E. R. (Birmingham), 7½d.; B. D. V., 1s.; "Taffy," 6s.; R. W. H., 1s. 6d.; "Baron O.," 2s 6d.; "Hopeful Miner," 8d.; A. M. (Ware), £1; H. F., 1s.; W. F. (Leith), 2s. 6d.; Mr. & Mrs. H. A., 2s.; "One Ninth" (Biggin Hill), 3d.; "Tango" (Glasgow), 6d.; B. W. F. (Edinburgh), 2s. 6d.; "Poor Grimbarian's Ninth," 1s. 7d.; J. M. (Grimsby), 5s.; "1-9-4-3-0," 1s. 3½d.; Mrs. A. B. (Oldbury), 1s.; "A Dandy Ninth," 1s. 3d.; "Lightweight," 1s.; "Jeff," 1s. 3d.; M. H., 2s. 6d.; "Miners Wife," 9d.; A. W. M. (Gorton), 6d.; Mrs. B. A. (St. Helens), 1s. 6d.; "Ex-Tommy's Wife," 3½d.; J. P., 1s.; F. M. J. (Scunthorpe), 3d.; "Ninth of Purse" (Bradford), 1s. 3d.; W. R. Y., 1s.; E. C. R. (Pontardulais), 2s. 6d.; V. L. B. (Midsomer Norton), 4d.; H. F. (Ipswich), 3½d.; "Huddersfield," 7d.; "Ninth" (Garsforth), 5½d.; "Spiros," 1s. 3d.; "Bert" (Oakshill), 1s.; Mrs. J., 6d.; "Three-ninths," 1s. 3½d.; "Corsham Reader's Ninth," 4s. 3½d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

100 PRIZE-WINNERS OF £1

S. H. Andrews, 23, Wolborough St., Newton Abbot, Devon; W. Barker, 29, Victor St., Holderness Rd., Hull; C. H. Barrott, 142, Langsett Av., Wadsley, Sheffield; W. S. Bell, 11, High St., Barnstaple, Devon; W. Bentham, 62, Church St., Hulme, M/c.; G. Bert, 7, Church Cotts., Hurstpierpoint; — Betts, 41, Baron St., Darwen, Lancs.; G. Binnie, 6, Comiston Gdns., Edinburgh; F. Blake, 1, Vine St., Stamford, Lincs.; J. Blundell, Junr., 144, Uppr. Aughton Rd., Southport; Mrs. C. Boulton, 33, Minton St., Harts Hill, Stoke-on-Trent; Sgt. E. Bramley, "P" Coy., R.A.S.C., Buller Barracks, Aldershot; T. L. Brooks, 20, Stamford St., Millbrook, Stalybridge; J. W. Brown, "Lucaston," Beech Crescent, Durham; W. Bryant, 34, Elspam Rd., Kensington, W.; W. Butler, 39, Sandrock Rd., Lewisham, S.E.; B. A. Callam, 35, Vernon Rd., Luton, Beds.; F. A. Callan, 36, Waterdale, Doncaster; T. W. Cartledge, 54, Massey St., Nottingham; L. Casey, 24, Wilson St., Worcester; W. Clafton, 99, Thornton Villas, Cleckheaton, Yorks.; H. Clark, 15, Villa Rd., Adwick-le-Street, Nr. Doncaster; Miss L. Clayton, 12, Westbourne Mount, Beeston Hill, Leeds; J. R. Cooper, 39, Coldershaw Rd., West Ealing, W.; A. E. Copland, 24, Clarence St., Cheltenham; A. Cunliffe, 375, Wigan Rd., Bryn, Lancs.; A. W. Deale, 17, Sydney Av., Blackrock, Co. Dublin; R. Dennis, 18, Herbert Pl., Dublin; J. Dumaresq, Le Gazel Saints, St. Martins, Guernsey; Mrs. Dutton, Gladwyn Lodge, Nr. Wrexham; Mrs. E. Edwards, 56, Woodside Rd., Woodside, London, S.E.; H. England, Chilsworthy, Holsworthy; D. Evans, Popular Stores, New Tredegar, Mon.; J. Evans, 7, Woodend Rd., Llanelly, S. Wales; G. Forbes, 17, Campie Gdns, Musselburgh, Nr. Edinburgh; J. Foster, 112, Ravenhill Av., Belfast; Gnr. H. Fothergill, 3rd. T. Battery, R.A. Depot, Woolwich, S.E.; N. S. Gibson, 125, Cambridge St., Pimlico, S.W.; J. F. Gillan, 10, Hill St., Aberdeen; F. A. Godbee, c/o Broughton, 25, Gedling Rd., Arnold, Notts.; D. H. Greig, 12, St. James's Square, Holland Park, W.; C. Guinane, 1, Shop St., Galway, Ireland; F. Harrop, 119, Mansfield St., Ashton-u.-Lyne; L. C. Hart, 329, Lake Rd., Portsmouth; A. Harvey, 2, Ducie St., Liverpool; Mrs. A. Hawes, 84, Fore St., Topsham, Devon; J. Hawke, School of Signals, Maresfield, Sussex; Mrs. M. Hayes, 30, Vincent Parade, B'ham; Mrs. F. Hill, Totts Lane, Walkern, Nr. Stevenage, Herts.; M. Hope, 49, South View, Heaton, Newcastle; J. H. Jackson, 36, Stranmillis Gdns, Belfast; Miss Jeffrey, 55, St. Aldates, Oxford; D. E. Jones, 13, Broom Crescent, Pendleton, M/c.; J. Juleff, 90, High St., Hythe, Kent; S. F. Leonard, 134, Evelyn St., Deptford, S.E.; O. Llewellyn, Drefach, Henllan, S. Wales; G. A. Lunn, 182, York Rd., West Hartlepool; W. Mallett, 147, Colwick Rd., Sneinton, Nottingham; F. Marchant, 1, Gorden Villas, Claygate; R. W. Marshlain, 439a, Kingston Rd., Merton, Surrey; W. Maxwell, 13, Argyll Mans., Chelsea, S.W.; A. McGlashan, 20, Hewgill Ter., Newcastle; Mrs. L. Macpherson, Glenlea, Cowdenbeath, Fife; T. Mead, 1, Ashling St., Nottingham; A. E. Miethe, 24, Chestnut Av., York; Mrs. R. E. Mitchell, 50, Gainsborough Rd., Blackpool; F. Montague, 49, Northcote Rd., Southsea; F. Morriss, 43, Caroline St., Cardiff; W. J. Oates, 26, Dickson Rd., Dover; Miss E. O'Connor, c/o Mrs. Bell, 39, Norman Rd., London, S.E.; A. E. Page, 11, Grosvenor St., Brighton; J. Parker, 61, Brunswick St., Swindon, Wilts.; J. Pickering, 21, Crawford St., Clock Face, Lancs.; T. Rastall, 11, Exeter Rd., Bootle, L'pool; W. R. Roberts, 7, Kendal St., Wigan; S. Rodger, Junr., 143, High St., Dumbarton; J. Rutt, Royalty Kinema, Richmond, Surrey; F. Salter, Gulliford Hill, Lympstone, Devon; F. J. Sands, 87, Canwick Rd., Lincoln; J. Sheffield, 54, Regent Rd., Salford, M/c.; A. W. Smith, 4, Ashview Terr., Newton Mearns, Glasgow; D. W. Smith, 49, Harbord St., Fulham, S.W.; H. Smith, 49, Bridge St. West, Hockley, B'ham; Miss A. H. Soward, 14, St. George's Rd., London, S.W.; A. W. Stace, 38, First Av., Acton, W.; W. Stanley, 1, Quayside, Barbican, Plymouth; D. V. Tandy, 4, Lister St., Stockport Rd., M/c.; Mrs. E. M. Taylor, General Dealer, Bagworth, Nr. Leicester; C. Thompson, 7, Preston Rd., B'ham; R. Thornton, 53, Baltic St., Montrose; Mrs. N. Trott, 92, Edward St., Nuneaton; Miss M. Truscott, 4, Truro Vean Terr., Truro; Mrs. L. Turnbull, Old Police Station, Consett, Co. Durham; G. Walton, 117, Clifton Park, Belfast; T. Warburton, 10, Hamilton St., Atherton, Nr. M/c.; E. Ward, 14, Frederick Av., Shaw, Lancs.; C. Waterworth, 101, Greenway Rd., Runcorn, Cheshire; W. R. Williams, 82, Wickham Rd., Colchester; J. R. Wilson, 3, Burn Terr., Sunderland; W. Wilson, Eaglesfield, Cockermouth, Cumberland.

List of Five-Shilling Prize winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 528 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete list of Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the office of "John Bull."

'BULLETS' MONSTER FIRST!

£1,500

2nd. Prize £250 | 4th. Prize £50 | 10 PRIZES OF £5 | 10 PRIZES OF £2 | 5th. Prize £25 | 3rd. Prize £100

100 PRIZES OF £1

200 PRIZES OF 5/- 1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6 5000 TARGET PRIZES

RESULT OF "BULLETS" No. 526.

FIRST PRIZE OF £250:
MR. T. HIDSON,
30, Wellington Rd., Edgbaston, Birmingham.
Example:—WICKED SHAME
Bullet:—IMPURITY SOLD WITH IMPUNITY.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
Mr. R. McConnell, 14, Rostrevor Road, Fulham, S.W.
Example:—FACE TO FACE
Bullet:—BETTER PREMIERS THAN ARMIES.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
Mr. L. COOK, 8, Herschell Street, Mill Hill, Blackburn.
Example:—ENTERTAINING COMPANY
Bullet:—AMATEUR ILLUSIONIST'S ONLY "ILLUSION."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £25:
Mr. F. E. NEVILLE, 41, Bloomfield Road, Plumstead.
Example:—TRUE TO NATURE
Bullet:—UNDER CANVAS—NOT ON.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £10:
Mr. R. ROBINSON, Ridge Farm, Offerton Green, Stockport.
Example:—MOST ESSENTIAL
Bullet:—ARBITRATION COURT—"STRIKES MANY."

10 Prizes of £5 each:

B. C. EDMUNDS, 2, Langley Road, Copnor, Portsmouth.
TOO MUCH TROUBLE—PRESSING BUTTON CENTURY HENCE.

G. H. ELLIOTT, Kirton Lindsey, Lincs.
NEVER STRIKES—BIGGEST SHAKER OF FISTS.

W. HITCHIN, 5, Park Lane, Thrybergh, Rotherham.
FOR OUR SINS—SOME CONSIDER PARIS BUILT.

Miss H. JAMES, 8, Bryn Sion Street, Rhymney, Mon.
WICKED SHAME—BITTEN SERVANT STRUCK FIDO.

M. JOHNSON, 44, Polworth Crescent, Edinburgh.
WHAT THE LANDLORD SAID—"HOW'S BABY?"—MOTHER FAINTED.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

H. JONES, 93, Wharf Yard, Etruria Vale, Stoke-on-Trent.
NO PROOF—OF REPUTATION, STAKING IT.

Mrs. E. MARSH, 34, Cornwall Road, Bexhill.
STRANDED—COWBOY—ON TWO LEGS.

J. K. MONTGOMERY, 201, Dunluce Avenue, Belfast.
WHAT THE LANDLORD SAID—"HOW BEAUTIFUL!—THEY STAND!"

H. ROBERTS, 11, Brackley Street, Egerton Street, Oldham.
IN GREAT DEMAND—RISING GENERATION—UNTIL RISEN.

A. J. THRAVES, 11, High Street, Nottingham.
GOOD ENOUGH—FOR MODERN MAID, PLATINUM.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

J. W. ADAMS, "The Oak," Hatfield-Broad-Oak, Nr. Harlow, Essex.
THANKS TO WIFE—EVEN BILLIARD TABLE "SPOTLESS."

P. S. BIRKBECK, c/o Tower Concrete Co., Tower Works, Skegness, Lincs.
LAME DOG—SANDY DEMANDS LICENCE REDUCTION.

Miss B. E. FINCH, c/o 59, Adlingford Road, Brixton, S.W.
MY LUGGAGE—THIS YEAR, INCLUDES CRUET.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. FLETCHER, Dinthill, Ford, Nr. Shrewsbury.
PULLING THROUGH SOMEHOW—BETWEEN DEFEATS—RAMSAY'S PROGRAMME.

C. HOWARD, Holton St. Mary Rectory, Nr. Colchester.
STRANDED—THEN MONEYLENDER COMPLETES "SHIPWRECK."

W. F. MACKROD, 36, Waterside, Irvine, Ayrshire.
THANKS TO WIFE—SULKING, PERUSING NEWSPAPER QUIETLY.

R. A. SPARROW, 97, Daenth Road, London, N.
MY LUGGAGE—PACKED—"WHERE'S THE BABY?"

S. TAYLOR, Church Street, Ainsworth, Nr. Bolton.
WHAT IS LIFE—SOMETHING WE'RE "OUT AFTER."

D. WYATT, High Street, Cannington, Nr. Bridgwater.
TURNING AWAY—TRADE—WON'T KEEP PROPELLERS.

Mrs E. WALLIS, 5, York Terrace, Keyham-Barton, Devonport.
LAME DOG—AFTER SNIFFING AROUND BUTCHER'S

Other Prize-winners will be found on page 30.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 528.

PARLIAMENT
A DAY AT WEMBLEY
SUZANNE LENGLEN
ON LIFE'S JOURNEY
OUR CLIMATE
THE HOUSING BILL
WHAT THE WAITRESS SAID
WHILE WE WAIT
IF LABOUR FAILS
SEASIDE FLAPPER
HOW TO GET ON
PLEASURE
IN FRANCE
GAME OF LOVE
WITHOUT MONEY
WHAT TELEGRAM SAID
A GOOD DAY'S WORK
NICE TO FACE
MY FORTUNE
NOT FAR BEHIND
AN AMERICAN
WHEN A MAN'S SINGLE
ALL TOO SHORT
SIMPLE
"I WILL!"
UNDERPAID
NEVER FOUND
IMPROVING
AN INVENTOR
TIME TO STOP
BIG FISH
WHEN SHE BATHES
A PICNIC
WHAT MADE HIM
HUMAN MACHINE
BY THE SEA
IF DOLE STOPPED
NO BABY
WOMAN'S HOUR
WHAT IS A HOME?

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. *Bullets* must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS" — NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the Examples printed: then give any **Two, Three, or Four Words** having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, each of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you:—

Example:—SEEMS ALL WRONG *Bullet*:—PURSE DECIDING SCHOOL AGE.
Example:—OUR DRINK *Bullet*:—IS "DEAR"—AMERICA'S "DEPARTED."
Example:—A BIG CROWD *Bullet*:—SEEING BRIDEGROOM DOESN'T ESCAPE.

ENCLOSE A POSTAL ORDER AT THE RATE OF 6d. FOR EACH COUPON USED.

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 528, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

"Bullets" must consist of Two, Three or Four Words.

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, July 17.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(528) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagent from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 528 have purchased their copie of "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in "Bullets" Competition No. 525 can now be seen in the window of Mr. A. Blackman, 52, Shirley Street, Hove.

Is it any wonder that millions of mothers rely on Lifebuoy?

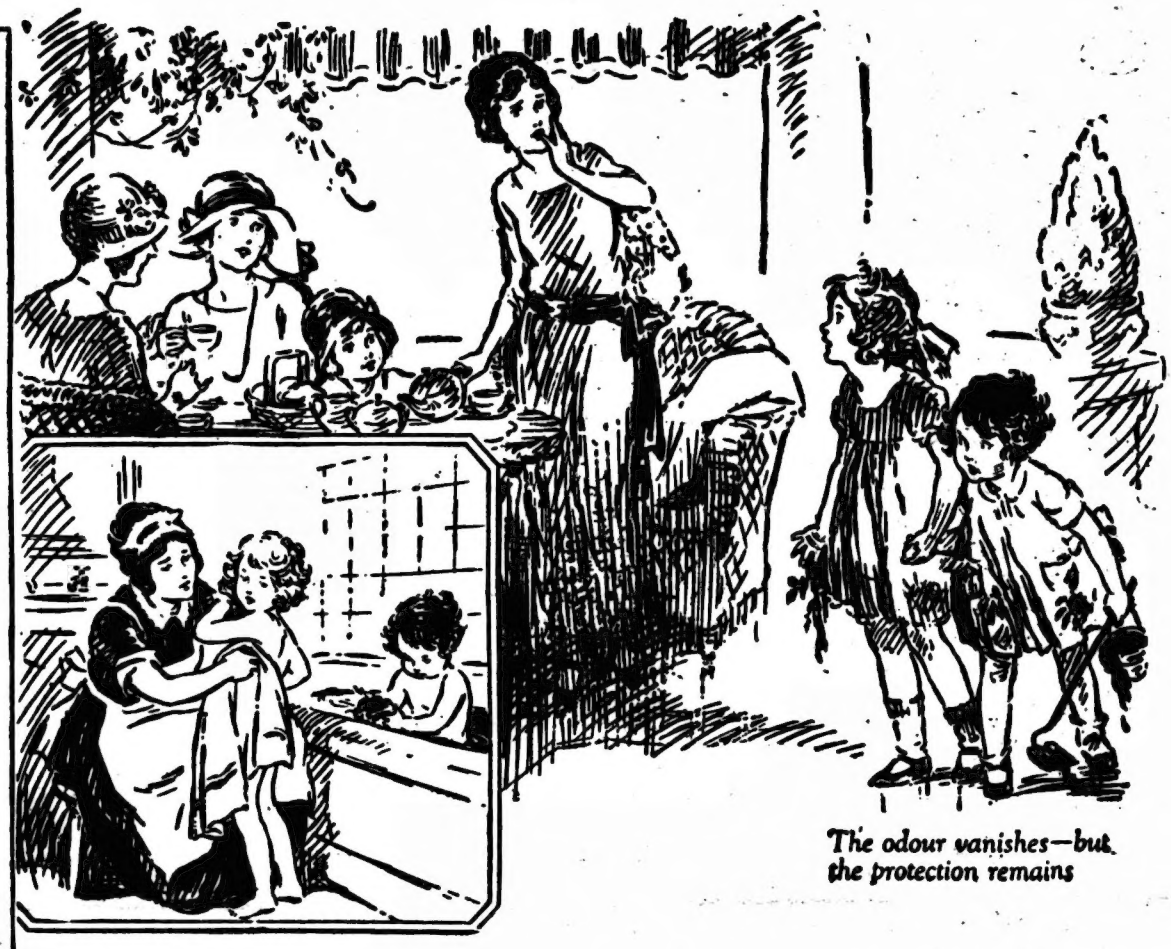
Mother—the health doctor

Mothers know dirt, for what it is—and fear it.

They will not tolerate dirty schools, dirty streets, dirty homes or dirty children.

Lifebuoy Health Soap is one of the most widely used soaps in the world because mothers appreciate its scientific protection against the dangers of dirt.

Mothers know that Lifebuoy lather goes down deep into every pore, and removes impurities. They know that Lifebuoy keeps the skin soft, pliable, and glowing with health—that it is bland, pure and soothing to the tenderest skin—even that of a baby.



The odour vanishes—but the protection remains

KIDDIES can't help getting dirty—even dangerously dirty. Chubby knees and hands are always being scratched and bruised. Grime is literally ground into tender skin.

And it isn't just honest soil. Curious little hands touch everything, and whatever is handled by many people is almost certain to be a spreader of contagion.

Germs collect on hands

Most diseases which attack children are caused by germs which find lodgment on the hands and are carried to mouth, nose or food.

Mothers the world over have an abiding faith in the protection of Lifebuoy's wonderful antiseptic lather.

No matter how dirty the kiddies get, mothers know that the danger is past when the rosy bodies are covered with this creamy, health-guarding lather which penetrates deep down into every pore, removing all impurities and leaving the skin refreshed, sweet and purified.

And how soothing Lifebuoy is to the most delicate skin.

Its rich oils are the most healthful fats employed in soapmaking—the kindliest to the skin.

You know Lifebuoy is a true health soap the instant you smell it. It has a wholesome, cleanly, antiseptic odour, pungent while the health ingredient is being released in the lather but disappearing almost immediately. After using Lifebuoy there is no odour on the skin—neither a soap odour nor a skin odour. Lifebuoy is a perfect deodorizer.

Purify hands frequently

The cost of Lifebuoy is low, yet no better, purer soap was ever made. Ordinary soaps do not possess its protective value. In order that everyone in the family may use it constantly, put Lifebuoy in every place where hands are washed.

Buy it in cartons, three double cakes in each carton. Lever Brothers Limited, Port Sunlight.

Buy a carton to-day

Lifebuoy Soap for HEALTH

L 266—100

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